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TO THE

MEMORY OF OUR FOREFATHERS

The memory of our fathers should be the watchword of liberty throughout the land; for, imperfect as they were, the world before had not seen their like, nor will it soon, we fear, behold their like again. Such models of moral excellence, such apostles of civil and religious liberty, such shades of the illustrious dead looking down upon their descendants with approbation or reproof, according as they follow or depart from the good way, constitute a censorship inferior only to the eye of God; and to ridicule them is national suicide.—*Beecher.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

The only principles of public conduct that are worthy of a gentleman and a man are to sacrifice estate, ease, health and applause, and even life, to the sacred calls of his country.

These manly sentiments, in private life, make the good citizen; in public life, the patriot and the hero. I do not say, when brought to the test, I shall be invincible. I pray God I may never be brought to the melancholy trial; but if ever I should, it will then be known how I can reduce to practice principles which I know to be founded in truth.

—James Otis, February, 1761.

It was of this address that John Adams said:

"THEN AND THERE, THE CHILD, INDEPENDENCE, WAS BORN."

I should advise persisting in our struggle for liberty, though it was revealed from Heaven that nine hundred and ninety-nine were to perish, and only one of a thousand to survive and enjoy his liberty. One such freeman must possess more virtue and enjoy more happiness than a thousand slaves; let him propagate his like, and transmit to them what he hath so nobly preserved.
—Samuel Adams, *"Father of the American Revolution," from a speech in the Congress held in Philadelphia in 1774.*

THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just rights from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

In the blood of those patriots at Lexington the Declaration of Independence was really written.—Moncure D. Conway.

William Cobbett said: "Whoever may have written the Declaration, Thomas Paine was its author." See Paine's pamphlet "Common Sense," published January 1, 1776 (six months prior to the presentation of Thomas Jefferson's manuscript in Independence Hall), in which for the first time was advocated an American Republic of free and independent States.

MEMORIAL

of

CAPTAIN THOMAS ABBEY

His Ancestors and Descendants of

THE ABBEY FAMILY

PATHFINDERS, SOLDIERS AND PIONEER SETTLERS
OF CONNECTICUT, ITS WESTERN RESERVE
IN OHIO AND THE GREAT WEST.

Inscription and Seal at the Base of the Pedestal of the Statue.

BOSTON PUBLIC

CS 71
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1916a

ERECTED BY HIS GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER

FRANCES MARIA ABBEY

WIFE OF

JOEL FRANCIS FREEMAN

1836-1910

Her sons:

ALDEN FREEMAN,

Member of the Society of the Cincinnati in the State of Connecticut.

FRANCIS AUSTIN FREEMAN,
1869-1889.

Her daughters:

EDITH FREEMAN DALLETT,
1871-1914.

GERTRUDE ABBEY FREEMAN,

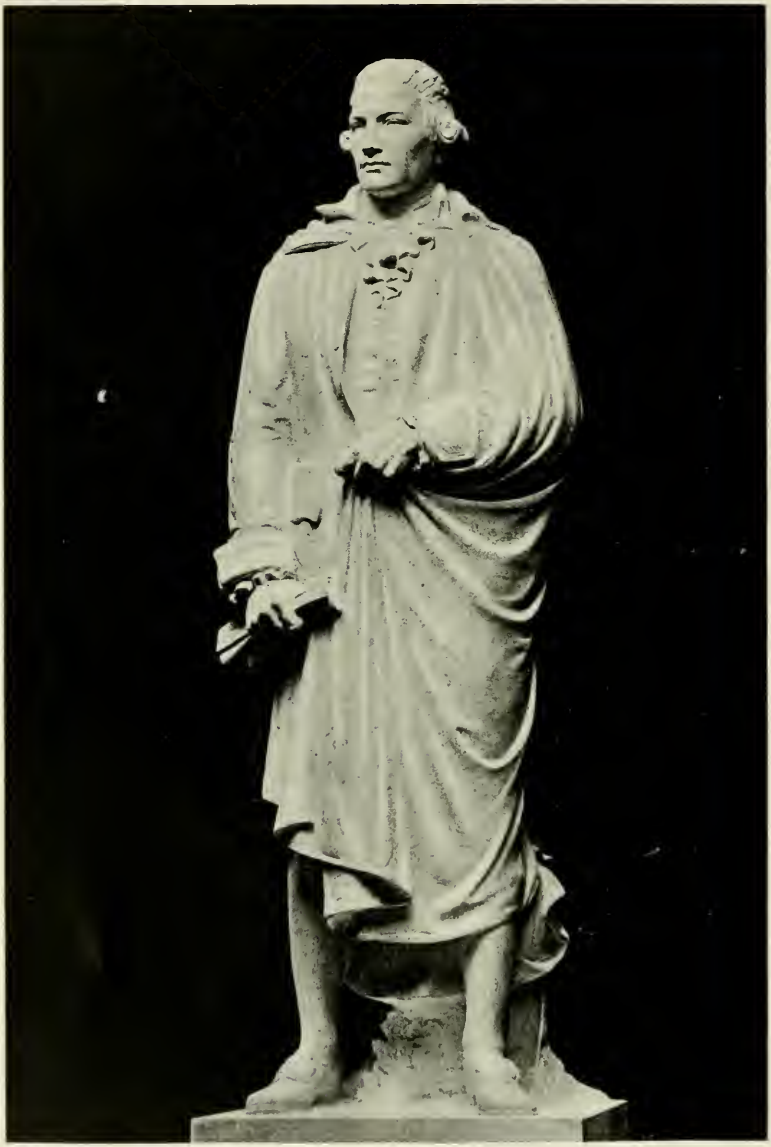
and the granddaughter,

FRANCES DALLETT KISSEL.

Names of the donors on 3 sides of the Base of the Pedestal.

The Spirit of 1775 Expressed in Sculpture

THE STATUE OF CAPTAIN ABBEY



SHERRY EDMUNDSON FRY, Sculptor

Daniel Chester French, whose first public work was "The Minute Man," unveiled at Concord Bridge on April 19, 1875, loaned Mr. Fry the Colonial costume used in modeling this statue

THOMAS ABBEY

Born April 11, 1731. *Died June 3, 1811.*

A SOLDIER IN THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WARS. TOOK PART IN THE CAPTURE OF FORT TICONDEROGA, 1758, AND THE CONQUEST OF CANADA, 1761. CORPORAL FIRST REGIMENT, CONNECTICUT TROOPS, MAY 25 TO NOVEMBER 22, 1758. LIEUTENANT IN CAPTAIN SETH KING'S COMPANY, APRIL 1 TO DECEMBER 1, 1761.

ACCORDING TO TRADITION, AT THE LEXINGTON ALARM IN APRIL, 1775, DRUMMED THE CONGREGATION OUT OF THE MEETING HOUSE, WHICH STOOD NEAR THIS SPOT. MARCHED TO THE RELIEF OF BOSTON WITH THE ENFIELD COMPANY, LED BY MAJOR NATHANIEL TERRY AND CAPTAIN JOHN SIMONS, JR., LIEUTENANT IN CAPTAIN HEZEKIAH PARSON'S COMPANY, 1775.

MAY 9, 1776, APPOINTED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF CONNECTICUT FIRST LIEUTENANT IN CAPTAIN ABEL PEASE'S COMPANY. SERVED UNDER GENERAL GATES AT TICONDEROGA AND VICINITY, JUNE TO NOVEMBER, 1776. ADJUTANT CHESTER'S CONNECTICUT STATE REGIMENT, JUNE TO DECEMBER, 1776. COMMISSIONED CAPTAIN JANUARY 1, 1777. APPOINTED BY THE COUNCIL OF SAFETY, FEBRUARY 1, 1777, TO COLONEL SAMUEL WYLLYS'S REGIMENT IN NEW YORK. HELD THIS COMMAND UNTIL NOVEMBER 15, 1778.

THE MEETING HOUSE WHICH STOOD HERE IS NOW THE TOWN HALL. IT WAS BUILT IN 1775 BY ISAAC KIBBE AND SUCCEEDED THE CHURCH WHICH STOOD ON THE GREEN ONE-THIRD MILE TO THE SOUTH. THERE, JULY 8, 1741, JONATHAN EDWARDS PREACHED THE FAMOUS SERMON, *"SINNERS IN THE HANDS OF AN ANGRY GOD."*

Inscription on the Face of the Pedestal.

Benj. F. Taylor.

From the Portrait by G. P. A. Healy, 1808-1894.
Painted in 1863.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE CAPTAIN'S DRUM"

The poem which follows first appeared in The Atlantic Monthly for May, 1878, in very good company. It was preceded by an article by Henry James and was followed by one by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. The number also contained poems by Professor Boyesen and "H. H.," as well as articles from the pens of Thoreau, W. D. Howells, Charles Dudley Warner, Richard Grant White, J. T. Trowbridge, "Charles Egbert Craddock" and "Mark Twain."

Benjamin Franklin Taylor was a man of mark. He was graduated in 1838 from Madison University, of which his father later became president, after its name was changed to Colgate University. For nearly twenty years he was literary editor of a Chicago newspaper and in the Civil War made a reputation as a war correspondent. After the war he traveled extensively and achieved success as a lecturer along with Wendell Phillips and Bayard Taylor. His poems went through many editions, and Whittier said of them: "I do not know of any one who so well reproduces the scenes of long ago." The London "Times" called him "The Oliver Goldsmith of America" and declared some of his battle pictures to be the finest ever written in the English language. Besides his collected poems, which ran into five editions, and one novel, "Theophilus Trent," he published ten other volumes of poetry and prose.

THE DATE OF "THE CAPTAIN'S DRUM."

The fighting at Lexington took place on Wednesday, April 19, 1775, and it is well established that the news of it reached these parts on the following day. It is recorded that the minute-men of Suffield, three miles west of Enfield across the Connecticut River, were entertained in Springfield during the night of Thursday, April 20, having previously marched there from Suffield. Certainly Enfield, on the chief highway between Boston and New York, got the news as soon as Suffield, which lies off to one side of the main artery of travel. Of course, it is 100 miles to Boston, but the correspondence committees of the colonists had been active for over two years, and the aggressions of the royalist government were promptly reported all the way from Massachusetts to Virginia by dispatch riders, with relays of men and fresh horses. The midnight ride of Paul Revere is

simply typical of the Lexington Alarm as it was spread over the whole of New England. Israel Putnam, like Captain Abbey a veteran of the French and Indian wars, was plowing in his field when the news reached him. He left his plow in the furrow, turned the oxen loose, mounted his horse and reached Cambridge, 68 miles from his Connecticut home in Pomfret, on Friday morning, April 21, some accounts say at sunrise.

I am therefore of the opinion that the episode of "The Captain's Drum" took place on the afternoon of Thursday, April 20, 1775, and not on Sunday, as set forth in the following poem. This does not, however, impair the effectiveness and general truth of Mr. Taylor's poem, because, during the eighteenth century the Thursday Lecture was a recognized religious service of the first importance in the Congregational churches throughout New England.

In the Life of Jonathan Edwards it is stated that, after his fame as a preacher had spread widely, in July, 1731, he was prevailed upon, notwithstanding his youth and modesty (he was then approaching 28), to preach the Thursday Lecture in Boston. "Divers ministers" found him to be a workman that need not be ashamed before his brethren, printed his sermon, and heartily rejoiced in the special favor of Providence to the happy church of Northampton.

It is therefore easy to believe, as the episode is closely associated with a church service now obsolete and almost forgotten, that in the lapse of time it came to pass that people thought the drum-beating occurred during a Sunday service, themselves knowing of no other religious service of equal importance.

Rev. George W. Winch, who was pastor of the Enfield Church, named the Thursday Lecture as the proper date, and at the same time quoted a verse from Mr. Taylor's poem in the chapter on Enfield which he wrote for "The Memorial History of Hartford County, Conn." This work was edited by James H. Trumbull, for 25 years president of the Connecticut Historical Society.

In the complete edition of his poetical works, issued the year before he died, Mr. Taylor states that Aholiab Johnson, of Enfield, furnished him with the historical data on which his poem is based. Mr. Johnson lived opposite the site of the old meeting house where Jonathan Edwards preached his famous sermon. Mr. Taylor says that he "lived worthily and well." His son, J.

Warren Johnson, lives in the same house, and has aided greatly in the preparation of this pamphlet.

There was nothing irreverent in Thomas Abbey's summoning the people from church by beating a drum. His news was vital and demanded immediate action. It was the decisive moment in our Revolution, and he used the usual and accepted method of assembling the people in that early day. Throughout New England at that period congregations were called to church service by the beating of a drum through the town.

OLD CONCORD.*

I came to Concord in the evening. Care,
And strutting Pride, and painted Folly, these
Were all forgotten with the solemn trees,
The clean, white walls of Concord. Everywhere
Were wedded peace and order. Yet what blare
Of breathless bugles on the sparkling breeze!
What scarlet foe that battles and that flees!
What beckonings and what voices haunt the air!

For it was spring in Concord, and the sight
Brought back the glories of that deathless year,
The muffled tread of armies in the night,
The ghostly hoofs, the shouts, and Paul Revere,
The Old North Bridge, the men who did not fear
To die for home and liberty and right.

EARL SIMONSON.

Concord, Mass., May 9, 1916.

* Read Enfield in place of Concord throughout this poem and the application will prove equally true. It was another Paul Revere, unknown to fame, who carried the alarm to Enfield.

THE SPIRIT OF 1775 EXPRESSED IN VERSE

THE CAPTAIN'S DRUM

A Tradition of Enfield, April 20, 1775

I

In Pilgrim land one Sabbath day
The winter lay like sheep about
The ragged pastures mullein gray;
The April sun shone in and out,
The showers swept by in fitful flocks,
And eaves ticked fast like mantel clocks.

II

And now and then a wealthy cloud
Would wear a ribbon broad and bright,
And now and then a wingèd crowd
Of shining* azure flash in sight;
So rainbows bend and blue-birds fly
And violets show their bits of sky.

III

To Enfield church throng all the town
In quilted hood and bombazine,
In beaver hat with flaring crown
And quaint vandyke and victorine,
And buttoned boys in roundabout
From calyx collars blossom out.

IV

Bandanas wave their feeble fire
And footstoves tinkle up the aisle,
A gray-haired Elder leads the choir
And girls in linsey-woolsey smile.
So back to life the beings glide
Whose very graves have ebbed and died.

V

One hundred years have waned, and yet
We call the roll, and not in vain,
For one whose flint-lock musket set
The echoes wild round Fort Duquesne,
And swelled† the battle's powder smoke
Ere Revolution's thunders woke.

SOUTH SIDE OF PEDESTAL.

* "Shivering" in The Atlantic Monthly; changed to "shining" in the collected poems.

† Originally "smelled."

VI

Lo, Thomas Abbey answers "Here!"
Within the dull long-metre place;
That day upon the parson's ear
And trampling down his words of grace
A horseman's gallop rudely beat
Along the splashed and empty street.

VII

The rider drew his dripping rein
And then a letter wasp-nest gray
That ran: "The Concord Minute-Men
And Red-Coats had a fight to-day.
To Captain Abbey this with speed."
Ten little words to tell the deed.

VIII

The Captain read, struck out for home
The old quickstep of battle born,
Slung on once more a battered drum
That bore a painted unicorn,
Then right-about as whirls a torch
He stood once more before the sacred porch;—

IX

And then a murmuring of bees
Broke in upon the house of prayer,
And then a wind-song swept the trees,
And then a snarl from wolfish lair,
And then a charge of grenadiers,
And then a flight of drum-beat cheers.

X

So drum and doctrine rudely blent,
The casements rattled strange accord,
No mortal knew what either meant,
'Twas double-drag and Holy Word,
Thus saith the drum and thus the Lord.
The Captain raised so wild a rout
He drummed the congregation out!

EAST SIDE OF PEDESTAL.

XI

The people gathered round amazed,
The soldier bared his head and spoke,
And every sentence burned and blazed
As trenchant as a sabre-stroke:
"'Tis time to pick the flint to-day,
To sling the knapsack and away—

XII

"The Green of Lexington is red
With British Red-Coats, brothers' blood!
In rightful cause the earliest dead
Are always best beloved of God.
Mark time! Now let the march begin!
All bound for Boston, fall right in!"

XIII

Then rub-a-dub the drum jarred on,
The throbbing roll of battle beat!
"Fall in, my men!" and one by one,
They rhymed the tune with heart and feet
And so they made a Sabbath march
To glory 'neath the elm-tree arch.

XIV

The Continental line unwound
Along the church-yard's breathless sod,
And holier grew the hallowed ground
Where Virtue slept and Valor trod.
Two hundred strong that April day
They rallied out and marched away.

XV

Brigaded there at Bunker Hill
Their names are writ on Glory's page,
The brave old Captain's Sunday drill
Has drummed its way across the Age.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TAYLOR.

Enfield, April, 1875. 1819—1887.

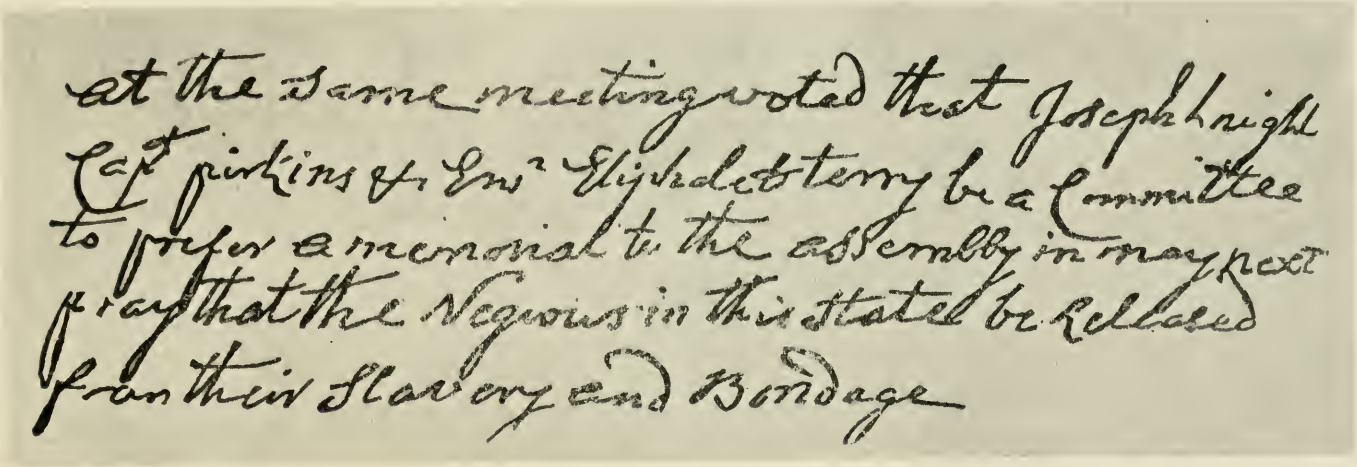
NORTH SIDE OF PEDESTAL.

THE TOWN HALL OF ENFIELD

From 1775 to 1848 this building was the Meeting House, and stood in the middle of the Green. It was the scene of the episode commemorated by the statue of Captain Abbey, and was the third building in which the Enfield congregation has worshipped.

The Abbey Memorial stands close to the spot where this venerable structure was originally erected and where it stood for 73 years as a house of worship. The Town Meeting is justly regarded as the cradle of American Independence, and this building, by reason of its traditions, both as a place of worship, where three generations of the people of Enfield were baptized, married and their funerals held, and also as the Town Hall, where three later generations have fulfilled their political duties as free American citizens, deserves, for all future time, to be cherished with affection and with pride by a religious and liberty-loving people.

Enfield was generous in financial support of the brave soldiers whom it sent to the front, both in the Revolution and in the Civil War. The initiating force and the depth of the spirit of freedom in the people of this town are shown by their action in town meeting on March 31, 1777, of which we give a fac-simile on this page. When you reflect that this resolution was passed 57 years before England freed the slaves in her West Indian colonies and 85 years before Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation, you will begin to realize how deep-rooted and how strong is the love


at the same meeting voted that Joseph Knight
Capt Perkins & Ens. Elijah Abbetterry be a Committee
to prefer a memorial to the assembly in may next
praying that the Negroes in this state be Released
from their Slavery and Bondage

RECORD OF TOWN MEETING.

Enfield's Protest Against Slavery in 1777.

of liberty in the men and women of Enfield, not only for themselves but for the rest of mankind.

It should not be forgotten that Connecticut, in proportion to population, furnished more soldiers in the Revolution than any other of the thirteen colonies. This was disclosed through the investigations of an Enfield man who was, in his day, an encyclopaedia of knowledge. This was Dr. John Chauncey Pease, 1782-1859, who assisted Royal R. Hinman in preparing the well-known volume, "Historical Collections of Connecticut in the American Revolution."

In connection with the Lexington Alarm, the expression, "Marched for the relief of Boston," showed the extent of their sympathies and the nature of the service intended. The people of the colonies were, to a certain extent, prepared for such an alarm. On September 1st of the previous year, 1774, the King's troops had been sent from Boston to Cambridge to carry off some pieces of cannon belonging to the militia. This action was the immediate occasion of the proceedings against Lieutenant-Governor Oliver on the following day, when, under compulsion of an assemblage of 4,000 excited citizens, he was forced to resign his seat in the Council, to which, in violation of the charter of Massachusetts, he had been illegally appointed by George III. Further particulars of this event, which so nearly precipitated the outbreak of the Revolution seven months and a half before the battle of Lexington, and how bloodshed was then averted by the forethought of a peace-loving Loyalist, will be found on page 74.

The response to the appeal from Lexington in 1775 was not the official action of this colony, nor, on the other hand, an impromptu movement of individuals without previous organization. An uprising of armed men might have partaken of a mob character, as in Cambridge in 1774, and the militia as such could only be called out by the Governor or the Legislature. It was rather a movement of the townsmen marching under their militia organization. The gatherings thus became orderly as well as spontaneous, and represented the town spirit, shown previously in protests and resolutions. It appears from the records that in some cases, as in Suffield, the companies or trainbands collected and marched off under their officers without further orders; in other cases the colonels, taking the lead, called out a certain number of their men and directed them forthwith to the point of danger; in a few cases, as occurred here in Enfield, volunteer companies were organized for the special service.

How Shall We Preserve the Liberties for Which the Men of 1775 Fought?

AMERICA MUST ARM ITSELF AND ALSO TEACH DEMOCRATIC IDEALS TO IMMIGRANTS LEST GOVERNMENT OF, BY AND FOR THE PEOPLE PERISH FROM THE EARTH.

[Speech of Elihu Root before the New York Bar Association, January 15, 1916.]

That "Eternal Vigilance is the Price of Liberty" is an eternal truth, and the principles of American liberty to-day stand in need of a renewed devotion on the part of the American people. We have forgotten this in our vast material prosperity. We have grown so rich, we have lived in ease and comfort and peace so long that we have forgotten to what we owe these agreeable incidents of life.

We must be prepared to defend our individual liberty in two ways. We must be prepared to do it first by force of arms against all external aggression. God knows I love peace and I despise all foolish and wicked wars, but I do not wish for my country the peace of slavery, or dishonor, or injustice, or poltroonery. I want to see in my country the spirit that beat in the hearts of the men at Concord Bridge, who were just and God-fearing men, but who were ready to fight for their liberty. And if the hundred million people of America have the spirit and it is made manifest, they won't have to fight.

But there is another way in which we must be prepared to defend it, and this is necessary to the first. We must be prepared to defend it within as against all indifference and false doctrine, against all willingness to submit individual independence to the control of practical tyranny, whether it be of a monarch or of a majority.

Another circumstance which we ought not to lose sight of is the fact that a vast number of people have come to the United States within very recent times from those countries of Europe which differ so widely in their fundamental conceptions of law and personal freedom from ourselves.

The millions of immigrants who have come from the Continent of Europe have come from communities which have not the traditions of individual liberty, but the traditions of state control over liberty; they have come from communities in which the courts are part of the administrative system of the government, not independent tribunals to do justice between the individual

and the government; they have come from communities in which the law is contained in codes framed and imposed upon the people by superior power, and not communities like ours, in which law is the growth of the life of the people, made by the people through their own recognition of their needs.

It is a slow process to change the attitude of the individual toward law, toward political principles. It cannot be done in a moment, and this great mass of men, good men, good women, without our traditions, but with entirely different traditions, will change us unless we change them.

Fifteen per cent. of the lawyers of New York City are foreign born. Thirty per cent. of the lawyers of New York City are either foreign born or of foreign parents. And the great mass of them have in their blood, with all the able and brilliant and noble men among them—have in their blood necessarily the traditions of the countries from which they came. They cannot help it.

They will hold those traditions until they are expelled by the spirit of American institutions. That is a question of time. And somebody has got to look after it. Somebody has got to make the spirit of those institutions vocal. Somebody has got to exhibit belief in them, trust in them, devotion to them, loyalty to them, or you cannot win this great body from Continental Europe to a true understanding of and loyalty to our institutions.

Here is a great new duty for the bar; and if we have not been hypocrites during all these years in which we have been standing up in court and appealing to the principles of the law, appealing to the principles of our Constitution, demanding justice according to the rules of the common law for our clients; if we have not been hypocrites, we will come to the defense and the assertion—the triumphant assertion—of these principles we have been asserting.

The whole business of government in which we are all concerned is becoming serious, grave, threatening. No man in America has any right to rest contented and easy and indifferent, for never before, not even in the time of the Civil War, have all the energies and all the devotion of the American democracy been demanded for the perpetuity of American institutions, for the continuance of the American Republic against foes without and more insidious foes within, than in the year of grace, 1916.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Legally known as the First Ecclesiastical Society of Enfield. This is the fourth structure in which this congregation has worshipped.

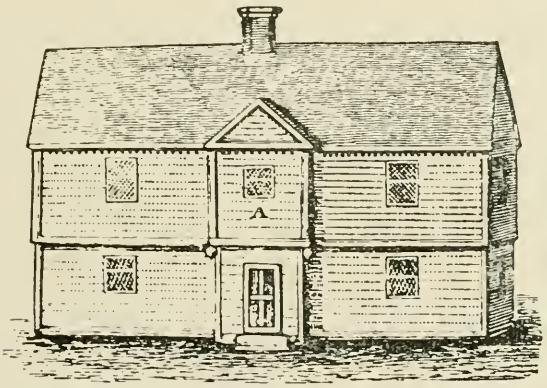
ENFIELD CHURCH

This church is looked upon by architects as one of the finest examples of the Colonial style in New England. It reminds the traveller of those beautiful parish churches in London, England, the spires of which Sir Christopher Wren set like candlesticks around his masterpiece, St. Paul's Cathedral.

The first house of worship in Enfield was built of logs in 1684, and stood in or close to the cemetery. The second church edifice was built in 1706. The outlines of its foundation, about forty feet square, may be seen opposite the post-office. Rachel Kibbe, 1688-1786, who married first Jonathan Bush, 1681-1746, and secondly Lieutenant John Meacham, remembered the raising of this second meeting house when she was eighteen years old, and said there was "a great frolick which lasted three days." She was the grandmother of Hannah Bush, 1744-1801, wife of Colonel Amos Alden, and died in her 100th year.

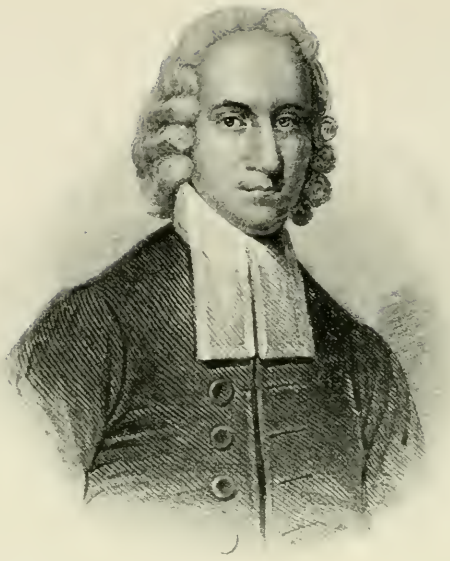
JONATHAN EDWARDS'S FAMOUS ENFIELD SERMON.

The second church building has an honorable place in the religious history of America. It was there, on July 8, 1741, that Jonathan Edwards preached his famous Enfield sermon, "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God." This sermon was the high-tide in a revival known as "The Great Awakening," commenced in his own church at Northampton, Mass., which swept over the whole of New England. The great preacher was born in East Windsor, about nine miles from Enfield Church, on October 5,



THE BIRTHPLACE OF JONATHAN EDWARDS.

"A very expensive house, decorated with many elegant ornaments, it took a year to build, was completed about January 1, 1697, and stood until 1813."—Stiles's "Ancient Windsor."



Jonathan Edwards

PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF JONATHAN EDWARDS

1703, in the house which his grandfather, Richard Edwards, of Hartford, built for his father, Rev. Timothy Edwards. An invitation to the "Ordination Ball" given in this house in May, 1698, is still in existence, signed by Rev. Timothy Edwards. This dance at the parson's in East Windsor and the "3 days' frolick" at the church-raising in Enfield eight years later, are pretty reliable evidence that our forefathers were not so straight-laced, so dour and solemn as we have been led to believe. They were perhaps more broad-minded and liberal than some of their descendants who frown on innocent amusements and the joys of youth and gayety.

Beside being President of Princeton College and the foremost man that Connecticut has produced, Jonathan Edwards is generally regarded as the ablest metaphysician of the period between Leibnitz and Kant and as the greatest theologian of the 18th century. A believer in equality, in the oneness of mankind, in freedom of inquiry, and a lover of liberty, he was an abso-

lute democrat and a forerunner of the Revolution. It has been said if you would know the workings of the mind of New England in the middle of the 18th century and the throbbing of its heart you must study the life and the words of Jonathan Edwards.

THE WOLCOTT FAMILY.

In the congregation of Timothy Edwards the most prominent man was Roger Wolcott, who in 1750 became Governor of Connecticut. His son, Oliver Wolcott, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence as well as Governor of Connecticut, while his grandson, Oliver Wolcott, succeeded Alexander Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury and was also Governor of Connecticut. Other descendants are Governor Robert Wolcott of Massachusetts and the Wadsworth family of Geneseo, N. Y., and in Wolcott Keep of Lockport, N. Y., the Wolcott blood is united with that of Captain Abbey of Enfield.

ERECTION OF THE TOWN HALL.

The third meeting house was built by Isaac Kibbe, 1731-1779. He was the only son of Isaac Kibbe, 1683-1766, who was the first boy born in Enfield and the youngest brother of Rachel Kibbe, who left the record of the "frolick" at the raising of the previous church in 1706. Mr. Kibbe executed a bond that the new church should be "of the same dimensions and in every respect equal in size, quality and goodness to the meeting house in East Windsor." That building has been burned since, but its dimensions, 60 by 45 feet and 27 feet high, are preserved in the copy, except that the pillared porch was added in 1848, when the church was moved off the Enfield Green and converted into the present town hall.

It was completed according to contract on January 1, 1775, and at the Lexington Alarm in the following April became the scene of Captain Abbey's drum-beating exploit. At the meeting of the First Ecclesiastical Society of Enfield, on January 16, 1775, it was voted to pay to Isaac Kibbe sixty pounds extra above his contract and also the old meeting house, for the reason that he had built the new church "better than bargain." It is interesting to note that Mr. Kibbe's contract was for £1,100, and that it was paid in beef, pork, grain and tobacco. In this payment in kind wheat was rated at 4 shillings (one dollar) per bushel, rye at 3 shillings (75 cents), Indian corn at 2 shillings (50 cents),

beef at 2 pence (4 cents), pork at 3 pence (6 cents), and tobacco at 18 shillings ($4.50) per hundred pounds if raised by the hand that presented it for his rate or on his own land. In case of delay in payments the sums due were to be at interest till paid, and money was always to be accepted instead of the produce named if any person desired. The figures show that in 150 years grain has not advanced in price, while meat costs several times as much to-day. These payments in kind for the building of the meeting house furnish a good picture of the simple agricultural life of our forefathers. What a mistake for the immigrants of to-day to herd in great cities instead of going into the country and cultivating the soil like the early settlers.

AMERICANIZE THE IMMIGRANT, SAYS THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

[Address before the National Americanization Committee, February 1, 1916.]

Let us say to the immigrant not that we hope he will learn English, but that he has got to learn it. Let the immigrant who does not learn it go back. He has got to consider the interest of the United States or he should not stay here. He must be made to see that his opportunities in this country depend upon his knowing English and observing American standards. The employer cannot be permitted to regard him only as an industrial asset.

We must in every way possible encourage the immigrant to rise, help him up, give him a chance to help himself. If we try to carry him he may well prove not worth carrying. We must in turn insist upon his showing the same standard of fealty to this country and to join with us in raising the level of our common American citizenship.

If I could I would have the kind of restriction which would not allow any immigrant to come here unless I was content that his grandchildren would be fellow-citizens of my grandchildren. They will not be so if he lives in a boarding house at $2.50 per month with ten other boarders and contracts tuberculosis and contributes to the next generation a body of citizens inferior not only morally and spiritually but also physically.

AMERICA'S DUTY TO THE FOREIGNER.

[Speech of Charles E. Hughes at Detroit, August 7, 1916.]

You have here the problem of the sudden introduction of a large alien population. You did not remain indifferent. You set an example in Americanization to all America; and we point to Detroit as the one place in this land where there has been shown a quickening of interest in the development, training and Americanizing of alien men and women who have come to this land.

It is perfectly idle to expect a sound sentiment of American unity if those who come among us as strangers come merely to be exploited. When we admit men and women to this country we assume obligations with respect to their training, as well as granting privileges, and we have to be awake to these obligations, and to realize that in every community there must be a well organized effort to make America supreme in the thought of every one who comes into the community; to have the language understood and spoken; to have American sentiment replace foreign sentiment; to have American ideals replace foreign ideals; to have a realization that this is a country not simply giving an opportunity to work for dollars but a country that is devoted to the betterment of human life, to the liberalization of all those things connected with human understanding and purpose. We want America first in the mind and heart of every one in this land.

But America is not simply a land for the man of special talent, or of distinguished aptitude. This is the home of the average man. The ordinary man, the man who is doing his best whatever his talent or aptitude. And in our large industrial occupations, where thousands are gathered together in one service, we want a recognition of human brotherhood in providing for the welfare of those who make the wealth of this great country.

We want workingmen to be safeguarded from every injury that can be prevented. We want the health of the workingmen looked after; every means provided which conducts to the proper standpoint of living; every means provided for proper recreation; appropriate means for education, for vocational training. In short, the workingman who is in his job and expects to continue

in that job ought to feel that he is doing something worth while for a community that appreciates it and gives him a fair chance to lead a happy and decent life.

LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG, 1863

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain, that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Nothing is more wholesome than for a people to be reminded of a noble ancestry and of their illustrious deeds.—George William Curtis, April, 1875.

The Story of a Town Told in the History of a Family

Our country is the history of our fathers—our country is the tradition of our mothers—our country is past renown—our country is present pride and power—our country is future hope and destiny—our country is greatness, glory, truth, constitutional liberty—above all, freedom forever!

U. S. Senator Edward D. Baker, in Union Square, New York, April 20, 1861, six days after the evacuation of Fort Sumter. He raised the "California" regiment in New York and Philadelphia and died at the head of his brigade at Ball's Bluff, October 21, 1861.

THE IMMIGRANT ANCESTOR AND THE WINDHAM ABBES

JOHN ABBEY, 1612-1690

SAILED FROM LONDON, ENGLAND, IN THE "BONAVENTURE" JANUARY 2, 1634. EARLY SETTLER OF WENHAM, MASSACHUSETTS. SONS JOHN AND SAMUEL SETTLED IN WINDHAM, CONNECTICUT, 1696-7. THE WINDHAM ABBES INCLUDE RICHARD, 1682-1737, LEGISLATOR; JOSHUA, 1710-1807, PHILANTHROPIST; SHUBAEL, 1744-1804, LEGISLATOR; HENRY ABBEY, 1842-1911, POET; EDWIN AUSTIN ABBEY, 1852-1911, PAINTER; AND THE BROTHERS ROBERT ABBE, 1850, SURGEON, AND CLEVELAND ABBE, 1838, ASTRONOMER AND METEOROLOGIST.

SEALS AND INSCRIPTION ON FIRST HALF OF NORTHEAST SEAT

CAPTAIN ABBEY'S GRANDFATHER

THOMAS ABBEY, 1656-1728

SOLDIER IN KING PHILIP'S WAR IN CAPTAIN APPLETON'S COMPANY. WOUNDED AT THE TAKING OF THE INDIAN FORT IN THE GREAT SWAMP FIGHT AT NARRAGANSETT, RHODE ISLAND, DECEMBER 19, 1675. ONE OF THE FIRST SETTLERS OF ENFIELD, 1683. MARRIED DECEMBER 17, 1683, SARAH FAIRFIELD, DAUGHTER OF WALTER FAIRFIELD, REPRESENTATIVE OF WENHAM IN THE GENERAL COURT OF MASSACHUSETS, 1689. GRANDDAUGHTER OF JOHN FAIRFIELD, AN ORIGINAL PROPRIETOR OF WENHAM.

SEALS AND INSCRIPTION ON SECOND HALF OF NORTHEAST SEAT

CAPTAIN ABBEY'S FATHER

LIEUTENANT THOMAS ABBEY, 1686-1759

SERGEANT, 1711. LIEUTENANT, 1712-13. MARRIED MARCH 13, 1715, MARY PEASE, DAUGHTER OF CAPTAIN JOHN PEASE, FOUNDER OF ENFIELD, FATHER OF FIRST CHILD BORN HERE, 1683. SHE WAS GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER OF ROBERT PEASE OF THE "FRANCIS," 1634; ROBERT GOODELL OF THE "ELIZABETH," 1634; JOHN ADAMS OF THE "FORTUNE," 1621, AND OF WILLIAM VASSALL OF THE "ARABELLA," 1630, WHOSE FATHER, JOHN VASSALL, WAS COMMANDER OF TWO SHIPS AGAINST THE SPANISH ARMADA, 1588, AND MEMBER OF THE VIRGINIA COMPANY WHICH FOUNDED JAMESTOWN, 1607.

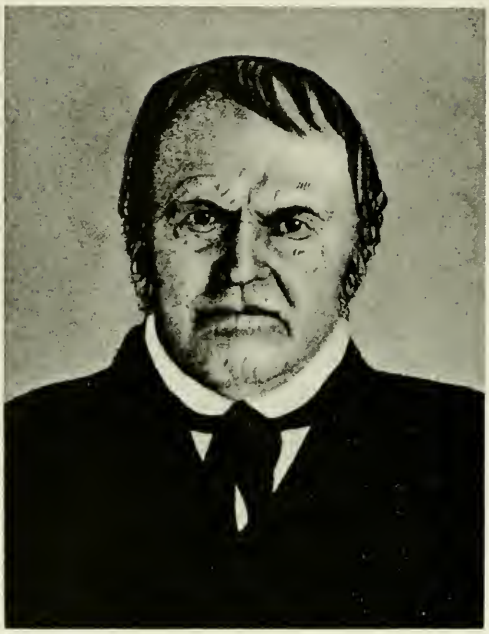
SEALS AND INSCRIPTION ON FIRST HALF OF SOUTHEAST SEAT

CAPTAIN ABBEY'S WIFE

CAPTAIN THOMAS ABBEY. 1731-1811

MARRIED JUNE 22, 1749, PENELOPE TERRY, DAUGHTER OF DR. EBENEZER TERRY, EARLIEST NATIVE PHYSICIAN OF THIS TOWN. GRANDDAUGHTER OF CAPTAIN SAMUEL TERRY, PIONEER SETTLER, WHOSE FATHER, SERGEANT SAMUEL TERRY, CAME FROM BARNET, ENGLAND, AS APPRENTICE TO WILLIAM PYNCHON, FOUNDER OF SPRINGFIELD. THE FIRST MARRIAGE IN ENFIELD WAS THAT OF CAPTAIN SAMUEL TERRY, MAY 17, 1682, TO HANNAH MORGAN, DAUGHTER OF CAPTAIN MILES MORGAN, DEFENDER OF SPRINGFIELD AGAINST THE INDIANS, OCTOBER 5, 1675.

SEALS AND INSCRIPTION ON SECOND HALF OF SOUTHEAST SEAT



CAPTAIN ABBEY'S SON

PETER ABBEY, 1769-1857

MARRIED JUNE 22, 1789, HANNAH ALDEN, DAUGHTER OF COLONEL AMOS ALDEN. SHE WAS A DESCENDANT OF JOHN ALDEN, OF THE "MAYFLOWER," 1620; JOHN BUSH OF THE "ALEXANDER," 1634; EDWARD KIBBE OF BOSTON, 1645, AND OF WILLIAM HARVEY, ENGLISH ENVOY DURING FOUR TUDOR REIGNS TO EMPEROR CHARLES V., DENMARK, SAXONY AND FRANCE, AND SENT TO DECLARE WAR AGAINST FRANCE, JUNE 7, 1557.

SEAL AND INSCRIPTION ON FIRST SECTION OF SOUTHWEST SEAT

CAPTAIN ABBEY'S GRANDSON

LIEUT. SETH ALDEN ABBEY, U.S.A., 1798-1880

MARRIED FEBRUARY 8, 1821, MERCY HUNT. PRINTER, EDITOR, CONSTABLE, MARSHAL, SHERIFF AND MUNICIPAL JUDGE OF CLEVELAND, OHIO. ENLISTED 1861, AT AGE OF 63. FIRST LIEUTENANT SECOND OHIO CAVALRY. SERVED THREE YEARS IN THE CIVIL WAR.

SEAL AND INSCRIPTION ON THE MIDDLE SECTION OF THE SOUTHWEST SEAT

SETH ALDEN ABBEY, 1798-1880

Judge Abbey left a manuscript, dated June 15, 1872, in which he gives his recollections of his grandfather, Captain Abbey, as follows:

"When a small boy I was frequently at his house for a week at a time, and have heard him tell many a thrilling tale of his hairbreadth escapes, hardships, sufferings, etc., in service against the French and Indians. At the breaking out of the Revolution a volunteer company was raised in his neighborhood, and he was elected their captain. I have heard him say, frequently, that he had chances of promotion, often, but his men would not consent to his leaving them. I saw many of his old soldiers who served during the war; and the neighbors were as particular when addressing any of them, in giving them their title, as Corporal such a one or Sergeant such a one, as they would be in addressing a general. Thomas Abbey died in 1811, and was as anxious for a fight again with old England, which was then much talked of, just before his death, as in his younger days."

When, during the Civil War, Judge Abbey was offered promotion by David Tod, the war Governor of Ohio, like his grandfather, he declined, characteristically remarking to his friends that he thought he was doing more effective work where then situated.

CAPTAIN ABBEY'S ELDEST GRANDSON

COLONEL DORREPHUS ABBEY, 1792-1838

(SETH ALDEN ABBEY'S BROTHER)

BORN IN SUFFIELD, CONNECTICUT, JULY 13, 1792. PRINTER AND EDITOR, WATERTOWN, NEW YORK. LED AN EXPEDITION INTO CANADA IN THE PATRIOT WAR, 1838. AT THE BATTLE OF PRESCOTT, NOVEMBER 13-16, WITH COLONEL VON SHOULTZ AND 180 MEN, HELD THE STONE WINDMILL FOR FOUR DAYS AGAINST TWO REGIMENTS OF BRITISH REGULARS, THREE ARMED STEAMBOATS AND 900 VOLUNTEERS. HANGED BY THE BRITISH IN FORT HENRY AT KINGSTON, DECEMBER 12, 1838.

Seal and Inscription on third section of Southwest Seat.

In selecting subjects for these seals the Tower of London was chosen to typify the feudal power and autocratic sway of Charles I. and his "right divine to rule awrong," which John Abbey left behind him when he sailed away from the British capital on the second day of January, 1634. By a curious coincidence, of which we were not aware when making this selection but which certainly confirmed its appropriateness, the flag nailed to the summit of the windmill is now in the Tower of London, among the trophies taken on many a bloody field of battle. The flag was presented to the leaders of the Patriot War by the ladies of Onondaga County, New York. It has an eagle, for Liberty,

and two stars, representing Upper and Lower Canada, wrought on a ground of blue, and is a beautiful specimen of woman's handiwork.

"Among all these relics from every quarter of the globe none was secured at greater cost," says Captain Daniel D. Heustis in his "Narrative of Adventures and Sufferings," published in 1848.

Colonel Von Shoultz, who was a Polish nobleman already distinguished for military ability in the revolution against Russia in his native land, Colonel Abbey and the nine other Americans who were hanged at Kingston, were probably fortunate to die when and as they did, in view of the long-drawn-out misery of the survivors of the court martial. Of the 182 men who defended the windmill, 17 were killed in the fight, 3 died later of their wounds, 5 escaped before the surrender, 11 as stated were hanged, 64 were pardoned after trial, 22 were discharged without trial, and 60 were transported to Van Diemen's Land (now Tasmania), together with 18 other prisoners taken at the battle fought at Windsor, opposite Detroit. Captain Heustis says these unfortunates were 140 days on the convict ship "Buffalo," and that their sufferings were such that they planned a mutiny, which, being discovered, their last state, confined between decks in the tropics, was worse than the first. The wretched survivors, on arrival in the penal settlement, were put to work on the roads for two years and then became ticket-of-leave men. On January 1, 1845, after six years of misery, Captain Heustis received his pardon.

Of Dorrephus Abbey's last days Captain Heustis writes as follows: "I had been in the room with Colonel Abbey. Three or four days before his murder, the sheriff came in and told him he had received orders for his execution, and wished him to get ready to remove to the cell of the condemned immediately. He received the intelligence with manly coolness, and, on leaving, shook hands with us all, bidding us farewell." On the evening previous to his death he wrote affectionate letters to his three orphan children. To one of these letters a postscript was added the next morning as follows:

"I slept soundly and quietly last night; I now feel as though I could meet the event with composure."

He was the second of the prisoners to be hanged, Colonel Von Shoultz being the first victim on December 8.

Nicholas Augustus Sultuskie Von Shoultz, the elected chief of the invading party, was a good military engineer, deeply versed in the sciences, spoke eight languages, had acquired high literary

honors, and was widely travelled. His father, who, with another son, fell before the walls of Warsaw, held an interest in the celebrated mines of Cracow, where the hero of the Battle of the Windmill acquired intimate knowledge of the manufacturing of salt. In the fall of 1836 he set up a laboratory in Onondaga County, at Salina, where he became engaged to a beautiful and accomplished American girl, undoubtedly one of the ladies who embroidered the flag now in the Tower of London. Her miniature was torn from her lover's neck at the time of his capture, when all of the prisoners were most brutally treated, being robbed of their money, watches and even clothing, leaving some of them half-naked in bitter winter weather. A few days before Von Shoultz's death he wrote a beautiful song, "The Maiden's Answer," which, relates Captain Heustis, he sang to his companions in a thrilling yet plaintive voice.

When I visited Fort Henry some years ago I was shown a carving of a sloop on the stone wall of the cell of the condemned in which Colonel Abbey and Colonel Von Shoultz were confined, and was told that it was made by these intrepid men. Under more favorable circumstances the Polish champion of freedom would have been regarded as the Kosciusko of Canada and Colonel Abbey as the hero of Prescott Windmill, just as his grandfather is looked upon as the hero of Enfield meeting house.

The battle of Prescott was the most severe engagement of the Patriot War, and cost the loyalists 130 men in killed and wounded. A serious fight took place three weeks later at Windsor, in which the battle-cry was, "Remember Prescott," on account of the cruelties practiced by the loyalist volunteers on the prisoners who surrendered at the windmill, whose lives were saved only by the intervention of the better disciplined and perhaps more chivalrous British regulars. On December 13, 1837, Rensselaer van Rensselaer and 24 patriot volunteers seized Navy Island, above Niagara Falls, opposite Chippawa. They were joined by William Lyon Mackenzie, the political chief of the movement in Upper Canada, and set up a provisional government. Volunteers flocked to their standard and they held the island for a month, during which the American steamer "Caroline" was captured by the British, set on fire and sent over Niagara Falls ablaze. When the revolutionists evacuated Navy Island on January 13, 1838, their numbers had increased to about 600. Louis Joseph Papineau was the leader in Lower Canada. As Captain Heustis describes only his own experiences, any one desirous of a complete and impartial account of the Patriot War

should read Charles Lindsey's "Life and Times of William Lyon Mackenzie and the Rebellion of 1837-8."

While from a military standpoint decidedly a "Lost Cause," Lindsey declares that "Much of the liberty Canada has enjoyed since 1840, and more of the wonderful progress she has made, are due to the changes which the insurrection was the chief agent in producing." His testimony is the more convincing because he deplores the movement as "an enterprise which cannot be justified." In his introduction Lindsey further states that it "was in the end advantageous to the country." The insurrection resulted in very speedily establishing responsible constitutional government in Canada; in fact, it secured "Home Rule" for our neighbors on the north.

OLD WINDMILL NEAR PRESCOTT CONVERTED INTO A LIGHTHOUSE BY THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT

Whether in chains or in laurels, Liberty knows nothing but victories. Bunker Hill, soldiers call a defeat. But Liberty dates from it, though Warren lay dead on the field.—Wendell Phillips, 1859.

Every great crisis in human history is a pass of Thermopylae, and there is always a Leonidas and his 300 to die in it, if they cannot conquer. And so long as Liberty has one martyr, so long as one drop of blood is poured out for her, so long from that single drop of bloody sweat of the agony of mankind shall spring hosts as countless as the forest leaves and as mighty as the sea.—George William Curtis, "The Call of Freedom."

CAPTAIN
ABBEY'S
GREAT-
GRANDSON

HENRY GILBERT ABBEY, 1821-1887

CALIFORNIA, 1849. MARRIED SEPTEMBER 28, 1859, AMELIA MATHILDA JOHNSTONE. AS SOLE TRUSTEE ESTABLISHED IN THE WESTERN RESERVE AT CLEVELAND, OHIO, THE CASE SCHOOL OF APPLIED SCIENCE, 1880.

SEAL AND
INSCRIPTION
ON FIRST
SECTION OF
NORTHWEST SEAT

A RARE FRIENDSHIP

Leonard Case, the founder of the Case School, had a strong dislike for business. On the death of his father in 1866, when he came into possession of the Case estate, he made his life-long friend, Henry G. Abbey, general manager and confidential agent of the property. He was thus enabled, until his death in 1880, to devote himself to his literary and mathematical studies. The story of this beautiful friendship was well told by Judge James D. Cleveland, president of the board of trustees, in his address at the Case School commencement in 1891:

"Mr. Abbey relieved Mr. Case of all business cares and was most eminently qualified for the duties which he had been called to undertake. He had lived in Cleveland from his infancy, and united great strength of mind to a thorough study of the law, long experience in business, knowledge of the world and a cultivated taste in literature. He had been a practicing lawyer in Milwaukee, clerk of the Wisconsin House of Representatives; a pioneer for gold in 1849 in California; he had rocked the cradle on the sands of the Sacramento and Klamath rivers, and had brought back to Cleveland the net results—some gold and a full stock of experience. He had settled down to sober hard work in his profession, had been much trusted as a master commissioner, referee and administrator of estates, and was a thoroughly equipped and able coadjutor of the projects and purposes of Mr. Case in relation to the property and all other matters requiring counsel, labor and management.

"The estate was not only of such volume and varied quality, composed as it was of city and farms lands, blocks of buildings in process of construction and under rental, situated near and remote from the center of activity, that they involved negotiations and complications with all municipal and financial corporations; indeed, with all sorts of men—capitalists, merchants, mechanics, laborers, farmers and gardeners. The business required a very high order of administrative qualities, and put the abilities of the confidential agent and manager to the highest tension. In these relations Mr. Abbey was so well equipped as to bring to Mr. Case the perfect relief and exemption from care and vexation about his business that he aimed at, and gave him opportunity for study and the pursuits that made life tolerable.

"Mr. Case's struggle with broken health was also participated in by Mr. Abbey, who was always at his side with his

cheering conversational powers. He accompanied him usually on his excursions, and stood like a tower of strength between him and the aggressive and persistent pressure of worldly affairs. None could so well have given to you the story of that secluded life of Leonard Case—thoughtful for those he esteemed and respected, and wisely considerate for those who should come after him—as Henry Abbey could have done. He did not do it, and we must conclude that what he did not write or say of this life was as sacred in his possession as it had been during the lifetime of a man of whom he spoke in these few but comprehensive words, 'He was the wisest and the best man that I ever knew.' "

CASE SCHOOL OF APPLIED SCIENCE, Cleveland, Ohio
The Main Building, constructed under the supervision of Henry G. Abbey

In 1877 and 1879 Mr. Case deeded real estate to Mr. Abbey to be used after his death in the establishment of the Case School. This trust was carried out with great efficiency. The year following Mr. Case's death instruction was begun in his old home facing the public square, and in 1885 the school was removed to a new building on the present site. Unfortunately, when only half completed, this building was totally destroyed by fire, and Mr. Abbey had to begin his work all over again. He did not live to see the new main building fully completed. It is now only one of seven buildings on the 25-acre campus, amply maintained by the income of the real estate deeded for the purpose.

Leonard Case's grandfather, Meshach Case, settled with his family in the Western Reserve in 1800, when there were not fifty people beside themselves on the whole domain of the Connecticut Land Company. Meshach Case was of Dutch descent, and his wife the daughter of Leonard Eckstein, a German, who fled to America from religious persecution in Nuremburg, where he was imprisoned for his opinions. He was confined in a tower 80 feet high. His sister brought him a cake in which she had baked a slender silk cord. This he let down at night and escaped down the rope which his friends attached to it. To his grandchildren in America he showed his hands, still scarred from the blisters made by the rope.

Owing to the serious illness of Meshach Case the care of his family of eight children fell upon the shoulders of his eldest son, Leonard Case, Senior, at the age of fourteen. Space does not permit to tell of the varied activities of this city maker; it must suffice to say that when 21 he became confidential clerk of the agent of the Connecticut Land Company, and twenty years later was made agent of the company, which post he held for twenty-eight years. No man had more to do with the development of Cleveland, and he was the authority on land titles in the Western Reserve.

William Case, elder son of Leonard Case, Senior, was a great hunter, and with a coterie of naturalists made a collection of a thousand birds and beasts which they killed, stuffed and mounted. These they housed in a building known as "The Ark," which stood on the site of the present Cleveland post office, close to the public square. No birds or animals in Ohio or Michigan were unknown to these men, who were called the "Arkites," and John J. Audubon acknowledged his indebtedness to them. William Case had a facility for drawing and painting in water colors that enabled him to convey to the great naturalist the colors and forms of newly discovered birds and other specimens of natural history. He died in 1862, leaving uncompleted a fine building, which included a music hall, library and a new home for "The Ark." His father and brother completed this building, which stood on the site now included in the enlarged post office.

This Case Library was the most delightful library I ever had access to. The fee was nominal, one dollar a year, and the approach to its treasures unrestricted. One wasted no time

making out slips and waiting for books. All were ready to your hand, and I never heard of even the most valuable books being stolen. The Audubon volumes always lay on a great table in front of the librarian's desk. In the new "Ark," housed in Room 19 in Case Hall, Leonard Case, Junior, spent many happy hours in the congenial society of "The Arkites," a select group of cultured men, leaders of the intellectual life of Cleveland. As the chief city of the Western Reserve, Cleveland derived its character from New England and mainly from Connecticut. Its first settlers, and a large portion of those who came later, were people of education and intelligence. The institutions they built up are of the same social and literary tendency as those of the mother colony, and no small taste has been cultivated for science, especially those branches of a practical character.

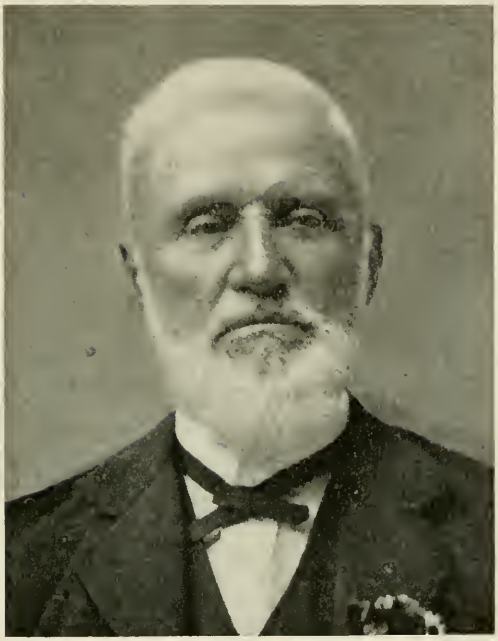
Judge Cleveland, from whose biographical address on the founder of Case School I have gathered most of these particulars, was born in Connecticut, and was related to President Cleveland and to General Moses Cleveland, of Canterbury, Connecticut, who in 1796 located the city of Cleveland. This was while he was engaged in blocking into townships the Western Reserve of Connecticut, which extended for over 100 miles along the Ohio shore of Lake Erie, westward from the boundaries of Pennsylvania. Cleveland was named in honor of General Cleveland.

ANOTHER GREAT-GRANDSON OF CAPTAIN ABBEY

EDWIN ALDEN ABBEY, 1823-1893

DISPATCH RIDER IN THE MEXICAN WAR. CROSSED THE PLAINS WITH KIT CARSON, A PIONEER SETTLER OF OREGON, 1851.

SEAL AND INSCRIPTION IN FIRST HALF OF SECOND SECTION OF NORTHWEST SEAT.



EDWIN ALDEN ABBEY, 1823-1893
(Henry Gilbert Abbey's Brother)

In 1889, after an absence of 45 years, Mr. Abbey returned to the East to see his relatives. Straight, vigorous and muscular, he did not look his sixty-six years. We had heard of his daring in the Mexican War and questioned him about his life as a scout. He thrilled us by his stories of night rides, when he was frequently fired at, and he told how his horse would shy at the dead bodies lying along the roadside. He was known in the West as Kit Abbey, on account of his association with Kit Carson.

CAPTAIN
ABBEY'S
GREAT-GREAT
GRANDSON

HENRY ABBEY, 1862

MECHANICAL ENGINEER, STEVENS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, 1885. MARRIED SEPTEMBER, 1886, REBECCA CONNELLY. SINCE 1906 IN MEXICO CITY DURING ALL DISTURBANCES THERE.

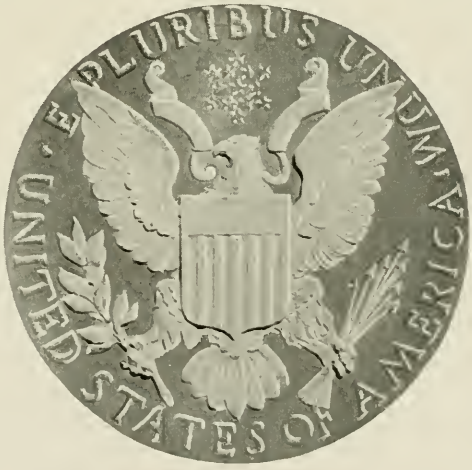
SEAL AND
INSCRIPTION
IN SECOND
HALF OF SECOND
SECTION OF
NORTHWEST SEAT

CAPTAIN
ABBEY'S
GREAT-GREAT-
GREAT-
GRANDSON

LIEUT. HENRY ABBEY, Jr., U. S. A., 1887

MARRIED MAY 5, 1914, LUCRETIA MILLER, DAUGHTER OF MAJOR CHARLES MILLER, U. S. A. COMMANDED ADVANCE GUARD TENTH CAVALRY IN MEXICO. SUSTAINED FIRST VILLA ATTACK AT AGUASCALIENTES, APRIL 1, 1916, AND WITH 30 MEN ROUTED 150 MEXICANS.

SEAL AND
INSCRIPTION
IN THIRD
SECTION OF
NORTHWEST SEAT



NEGRO TROOPERS' VICTORY

How Thirty of Them Put to Flight 150 Bandits April 1

Pershing's Camp at Front, Mexico, April 7, by courier to Columbus, New Mexico, April 14.—About thirty men of the Tenth Cavalry, negroes, who were in the fight with Villa bandits April 1 at Aguascalientes, arrived here to-day for rest and re-outfitting. The men were sure they had killed more than the three dead covered in the official report. Three times the Villa forces, numbering about 150, attempted to ambush the advance guards of the Tenth. Not more than three troops of the Tenth participated in the fight, which lasted an hour and a half.

The Tenth was riding for Guerrero when they approached the town of Aguascalientes. Nearing the top of a rise, the advance guard was, without warning, subjected to volley fire, coming simultaneously from both sides of the road. The Villa men shooting at them were behind hills on either side. Troop E of the Tenth was brought up at a trot, while Troop F went around to flank the Villa bandits and drive them out of the hill. Troop H was hurried forward. As E Troop rounded the hill at a gallop it came within a minute's ride of the Villa forces on that side. Some of the cavalrymen got so close that they used their pistols. The moment the E Troop appeared the Villa bandits rode for the side of a mountain overlooking the town.

"It was the steepest mountainside we have seen anybody climbing," said one of the men today, "and they knew the trails while we did not, but we went up after them. We went up on our horses until they made a stand from behind rocks. The bullets were whistling all around us, but they never hit one of us. They had a machine gun in action, too. We dismounted and returned the fire. Then they ran farther up the mountain, with us after them, until they made another stand. We opened fire on them again, but they would not stand. At last they got away in the steep trails which they knew, while we climbed rocks and fallen tree trunks and fell behind."

The squadron in the Aguascalientes fight was commanded by Colonel William C. Brown. Major Charles Young led the immediate chase of the bandits. Lieutenant Henry Abbey, Jr., commanded the advance guard, which took the first Villa fire. Lieutenant John Kennard commanded E Troop in the chase—*New York Evening Post, April 14, 1916.*

The colored cavalrymen of the Tenth Regiment have won the name of "Hell on Horseback." They are absolutely fearless and wonderfully well disciplined.

"When a country is at war there can be but two parties—one for its life, the other for its death."—*The words of Cassius M. Clay, when in 1846 he volunteered for service in the war against Mexico, of which he disapproved and had strenuously opposed.*

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY.

These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us that the harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph; what we obtain too cheap we esteem too lightly; 'tis dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as freedom should not be highly rated.—*From "The Crisis," Thomas Paine, December 23, 1776.*

WHAT IS OUR COUNTRY?

Not alone the land and the sea, the lakes and rivers, and valleys and mountains—not alone the people, their customs and laws—not alone the memories of the past, the hopes of the future. It is something more than all these combined. It is a divine abstraction. You cannot tell what it is, but let its flag rustle above your head—you feel its living presence in your hearts. They tell us that our country must die; that the sun and stars will look upon the great Republic no more; that already the black eagles of despotism are gathering in our political sky; that even now king and emperors are casting lots for the garments of our national glory. It shall not be.—*Newton Booth, eleventh Governor of California and United States Senator.*

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

If there ever was a time, this is the hour for Americans to rouse themselves and exert every ability. Their all is at hazard and the die of fate spins doubtful! In vain do we trace magnanimity and heroism; in vain do we trace a descent from the worthies of the earth, if we inherit not the spirit of our ancestors. —*Josiah Quincy, October 3, 1768.*

OLD MORTALITY

As I approached this deserted mansion of the dead, the chink of a hammer was distinctly heard. I saw Old Mortality engaged in his daily task of cleaning and repairing the ornaments and epitaphs upon the tomb. The old man was seated upon the monument and busily employed in deepening with his chisel the letters of the inscription.

During a period of nearly thirty years the pious enthusiast wandered about, but regulated his circuit so as annually to visit the graves of the unfortunate Covenanters, who suffered by the sword, or by the executioner, during the reigns of the two last monarchs of the Stuart line. Their tombs are often apart from human habitation, in the remote moors and wilds to which the wanderers had fled for concealment. But wherever they existed, Old Mortality was sure to visit them when his annual round brought them within his reach, cleaning the moss from the gray stones, renewing with his chisel the half-defaced inscriptions, and repairing the emblems of death with which these simple monuments are usually adorned.

Motives of the most sincere devotion induced the old man to dedicate so many years of existence to perform this tribute to the memory of the deceased warriors of the church. He considered himself as fulfilling a sacred duty, while renewing to the eyes of posterity the decaying emblems of the zeal and sufferings of their forefathers, and thereby trimming, as it were, the beacon-light, which was to warn future generations to defend their religion even unto blood. To talk of the exploits of the Covenanters was the delight, as to repair their monuments was the business, of his life.

—*From "Old Mortality," by Sir Walter Scott.*

Lyfield April 21st 1771
Then Received of the Select Men of Lyfield
by the Select men of Lyfield the following
Sum Received by me
One Blanket Number'd
5 - 17 6
Thomas Abbey Capt

FAC-SIMILE OF
AUTOGRAPH
OF CAPTAIN
THOMAS ABBEY

Explanation of the Inscriptions and Seals on the Seats

The inscriptions enumerate the immediate ancestors and descendants of Captain Abbey, from the first immigrant of the name down to the present day, nine generations in all. Also included are the names of the best known members of the family who settled in Windham, Connecticut. On the seats behind the statue are inscriptions which describe the forebears of Captain Abbey; while the statue faces inscriptions telling of the lives of five generations of his descendants down to the year 1916.

THE SPELLING OF THE NAME ABBEY.

Most of the Windham Abbes cling to the old spelling of the name, which also prevails in Enfield today. Captain Abbey himself spelled his name with the "y," as is proven by his autograph reproduced here from page 148 of the second volume of Trumbull's "History of Hartford County, Conn." His sons, Thomas, Peter and Simeon (grandfather of Westminster Abbey of New York), in the announcement of the dissolution of their partnership printed in the Hartford "Courant" of June 17, 1793, spelled the name Abbey. The obituary notice of Captain Abbey's widow in the "Courant" of January 18, 1818, also spells the name Abbey. The line which is recorded in this memorial has spelled the name Abbey for six generations consecutively, which seems to justify the spelling on the memorial.

"THE GENEALOGY OF THE ABBE FAMILY."

All of the Abbe or Abbey name or descent are in the debt of that member of the family who has most distinguished the name in the field of science. I refer to the eminent astronomer and meteorologist, Professor Cleveland Abbe, so widely known as "Old Probabilities." Throughout his long and busy life he has made more extensive researches into the history of the family than any other member. With the able assistance of Josephine Genung Nichols (Mrs. I. Nelson Nichols, of 1915 Daly Ave., The Bronx, New York City), these labors are about to bear fruit in the publication of "The Genealogy of the Abbe Family."

William L. Weaver, editor of the Willimantic "Journal," in his genealogical "History of Ancient Windham, Ct.," published in 1864, records that Mr. Abbe was at that time connected with the U. S. Coast Survey and acknowledges his assistance in these

words: "We are under many obligations to Mr. Cleveland Abbe for facts and records respecting the Abbes. He very generously paid the expense of a thorough search of the early records of Salem and Wenham, and all the descendants of John Abbe, Sen., of Wenham, are under lasting obligations to him for his contributions to their genealogy."

It would take a larger volume than this to properly record the incalculably great services to our country and the world which Professor Abbe has rendered since those words were written fifty-two years ago. The success of his pioneer work in storm warnings at Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1869, led to the establishment of the U. S. Weather Bureau in 1870. In 1871 he took the initiative in establishing ocean meteorology and the display of cautionary signals, and in 1872 the prediction of floods in rivers. In 1879 he began the agitation for standard time, which in five years gave to America, and later to the world, the standard hour meridians now used. In 1882 he inaugurated civil service examinations in meteorology, and in 1884 took the first step in the formation of the American Society of Electrical Engineers. He initiated special observations in rainfall, electricity, earthquakes, the use of balloons in meteorological observations and co-operation in international polar explorations, to mention only a few of the activities of this great scientist, who at the annual session of the National Academy of Sciences, in April, 1916, was awarded a medal "for distinguished public service in establishing and organizing the United States weather service."

"Why found new colleges and universities to teach what is already taught elsewhere? Exploration is the order of the day. Give us first the means to increase knowledge, to explore nature and to bring out new truths. Let us perfect knowledge before we diffuse it among mankind."—*Cleveland Abbe, August, 1880, before the American Association for the Advancement of Science*

FIRST CHILD BORN IN ENFIELD.

The inscriptions record much of the early life of Enfield. They tell that the town was founded by Captain John Pease, 1654-1734, and that he was the father of the first child born here in 1683. This was Margaret Pease, who married Josiah Colton and lived to be 92 years old. The first boy born in Enfield was, as already mentioned, Isaac Kibbe, father of the Isaac Kibbe who built the meeting house which is now the town hall.

FIRST NATIVE PHYSICIAN OF ENFIELD.

Dr. Ebenezer Terry, 1696-1780, was the first native physician of Enfield. He practiced for a number of years in South Kingston, Rhode Island, where he married Mary Helme, great-granddaughter of Sergeant Christopher Helme, of Warwick, Rhode Island, who died in 1650. Dr. Terry returned to Enfield in 1722, and at one time represented the town in the General Court of Massachusetts. Enfield did not become a part of Connecticut until 1750.

ENFIELD'S FIRST WOMAN DOCTOR.

Dr. Terry's daughter, Penelope Terry, 1729-30-1818, as her father's pupil and assistant in the practice of his profession, was a forerunner of the women physicians of today. In her obituary, already referred to, the Hartford "Courant" states that she practiced for thirty-three years and was present at the birth of 1,389 children. She welcomed into life a whole generation of the inhabitants of this town, and is as worthy of commemoration for her good works as her husband, Captain Abbey, the subject of this memorial. She was the mother of eleven children, and left forty-five grandchildren, fifty-two great-grandchildren and two great-great-grandchildren. A total of 104 descendants of herself and Captain Abbey were living at the time of her death, January 2, 1818.

FIRST MARRIAGE IN ENFIELD.

The first marriage in Enfield was that of Captain Samuel Terry, 1661-1730-31, to Hannah Morgan, 1656-1696-7, daughter of Captain Miles Morgan, defender of Springfield against the Indians in 1675. This marriage, celebrated on May 17, 1683, links Enfield to Springfield, where Captain Morgan's statue stands in Court House Square.

MORGAN MEMORIAL.

Another of Captain Morgan's descendants links Springfield and Enfield to Hartford, where the late John Pierpont Morgan, 1837-1913, erected the splendid memorial to his father, Junius Spencer Morgan, which is the chief ornament of the city.

Also recorded in the inscriptions is John Alden, of the Mayflower. The Alden family is already commemorated in Enfield by Alden's Corner, at the north end of Enfield street, just as the Allen family is commemorated at the south end by Allen's Corner.

STATUE OF MILES MORGAN AT SPRINGFIELD
J. SCOTT HARTLEY, Sculptor

MORGAN MEMORIAL GALLERY IN HARTFORD

"Lost Causes" in American History

Through the perspective of years one gets a more correct picture of events than at the time they occurred. In the passage of time passions cool and it is possible to see both sides of a conflict in a less vivid but truer light than was possible to the combatants themselves. It is for these reasons, as well as to give balance and variety to this narrative of a family, that along with the causes which were successful have been included those which failed, and these "Lost Causes" are illustrated in several of the seals.

THE NEW ENGLAND INDIANS.

For example, the portrait of King Philip commemorates a native American who endured the encroachments of the white settlers until goaded to desperation. After two centuries had elapsed historians perceived that this Indian chief was in reality a patriot like the Belgians of today, contending for the independence of his country, a great ruler and, like the King of the Belgians, a valiant leader in war. In his summons to the aboriginal lords of New England, Pometacon, as the chief of the Wampanoags was called in the Indian tongue, put the case of the Indian in these words:

"The English who came first to this country were but a handful of people, forlorn, poor and distressed. My father, Massasoit, did all in his power to serve them. Their numbers increased. My father's councilors were alarmed. They urged him to destroy the English before they became strong enough to give law to the Indians and take away their country. My father was also the father to the English. We remained their friend. Experience shows that his councilors were right. The English disarmed my people. They tried them by their laws and assessed damages my people could not pay. Sometimes the cattle of the English would come into the cornfields of my people, for they did not make fences like the English. I must then be seized and confined till I sold another tract of my country for damages and costs. Thus tract after tract is gone. But a small part of the dominion of my ancestors remains. I am determined not to live until I have no country."

It was truly said that King Philip was "broad-browed and noble-minded." His chief aid was Canonchet, chief of the Narra-

gansetts. Those two were men of truly royal pride. When summoned before the English Governor King Philip replied to his messenger as follows:

"Your governor is but a subject of King Charles of England. I shall not treat with a subject. I shall only treat with the King, my brother. When he comes I am ready!"

Is not this the same royal spirit that Shakespeare shows us in Queen Katherine when in the trial scene in "King Henry VIII." she says to Cardinal Wolsey:

"I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope!"

Miles Morgan gallantly defended Springfield against the onslaught of King Philip on October 5, 1675, and the first Thomas Abbey was wounded in the great fight in the Narragansett swamp on December 19 of the same year. The capture of this fort, where the Indians made their last stand, finally destroyed their power in New England.

The American Indian has indelibly stamped himself upon the American continent by the picturesque names which he gave to lakes, rivers and mountains all over our broad land, and which also survive in the names of States and cities and counties. This thought is particularly well expressed in the following stanzas by Lydia Huntley Sigourney:

INDIAN NAMES.

Ye say they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave;
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That mid the forests where they roamed
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow
Like ocean's surge is curl'd,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world,
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the west,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their conelike cabins
That clustered o'er the vale
Have disappeared, as wither'd leaves
Before the autumn's gale;
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore;
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid his young renown.
Connecticut hath wreath'd it
Where her foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice
Within his rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart.
Monadnock, on his forehead hoar
Doth seal the sacred trust.
Your mountains build their monument
Though you destroy their dust.

THE VASSALL FAMILY

The Vassall coat of arms commemorates a distinguished colonial family which was unflinchingly loyal to the British crown during the American Revolution. The seven mansions still standing in Brattle street, Cambridge, known as "Tory Row," which include the home of the poet Longfellow and "Elmwood," the birthplace of James Russell Lowell, were in 1774 the homes of the Vassall family.

In that year the Vassalls altered their family motto from *Sacpe pro rege, semper pro republica*, which they had splendidly exemplified against Charles I. in the English Civil War, to *Semper pro rege*, and proceeded just as gallantly to live up to the revised version. In consequence the entire family was exiled and their estates confiscated. After their return to England in 1776 members of the family distinguished themselves in the British army and navy.

"ELMWOOD," CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The home of Thomas Oliver, last royal lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts, whose wife was Elizabeth Vassall, sister to Col. John Vassall, who in turn married Elizabeth Oliver, sister to the lieutenant-governor.

LONGFELLOW HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Washington's Headquarters at Cambridge, Mass. "The tent of Mars and the home of Muses." Built by Col. John Vassall in 1759.

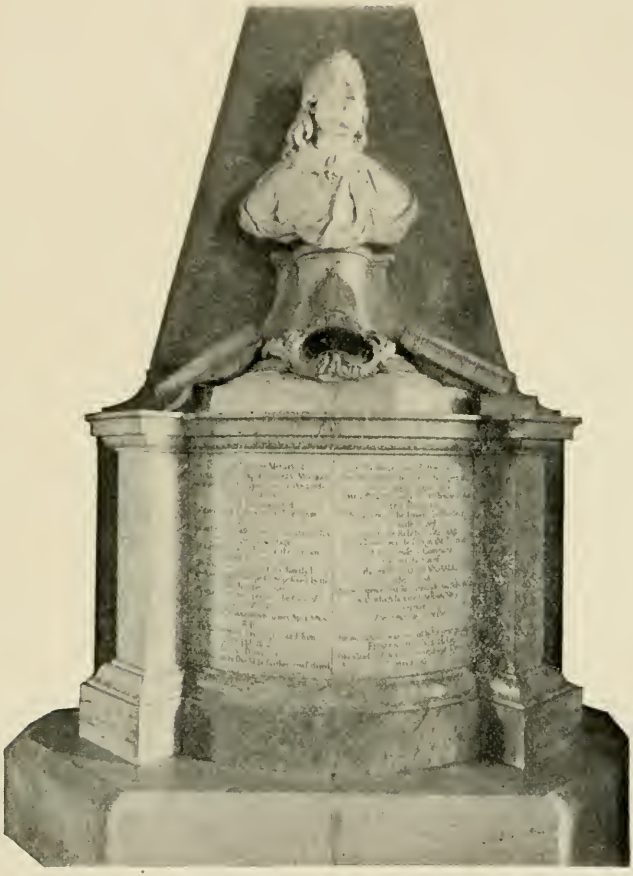
Colonel Spencer Vassall was mortally wounded in South America while charging at the head of his regiment at the storming of Montevideo in Uruguay, when it was captured by the British in 1807. His bravery is commemorated by a monument in St. Paul's Church in Bristol, England, and by the augmented arms granted to his son, Sir Spencer Lambert Vassall, captain in the Royal Navy, who was knighted in 1838. This augmentation shows the breached bastion of a fortress with the words "Monte Video" and a new motto, "Every bullet has its billet," recording the heroic death of his father. Colonel Spencer Vassall was the son of Colonel John Vassall, 1738-1797, who, in the summer of 1774, was driven by a mob from his Cambridge home. In less than a year the house was occupied by General Washington as his military headquarters.

THF VASSALLS AND THE WASHINGTONS

A curious comparison may be made between the Vassall and Washington families. From evidence now available it appears that the Washingtons, prior to coming to America, were royalists in every branch, with no sympathy for Cromwell and his adherents; while in America, on the contrary, they furnished the head and front of the greatest and most successful revolution against the authority of the British crown in George Washington, a man of wealth and social standing in the colonies second only to Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

The Vassall family, on the other hand, furnished the pioneer revolutionist of wealth against the authority of King Charles. Samuel Vassall was probably the largest ship-owner of his day and was the first who refused to pay the tax of tonnage and poundage. As a result, his property was seized and he himself thrown into prison for sixteen years by the Star Chamber Court. In 1641 the Long Parliament voted him over ten thousand pounds damages and resolved that he should be further recompensed for his personal suffering, but this was never paid. Notwithstanding, when the Parliamentary Party was in its greatest straits during the Civil War, this dauntless man repeatedly loaned sums of money to Parliament and also placed his ships at its disposal, among those thus employed being the famous "Mayflower." Later, when the Commonwealth was established, he headed a subscription list with £1,200 to carry on the war in Ireland.

This bold and self-reliant man never came to America, although he was interested in the launching of the Rhode Island



VASSALL MONUMENT IN KING'S CHAPEL, BOSTON

On entering the church this monument stands on the left against the rear wall. The head of Samuel Vassall is turned toward the monument of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Colony, being associated in that enterprise with Oliver Cromwell, Sir Harry Vane and other fellow members of Parliament. He and his brother William were both named as assistants to the governor in the charter of Massachusetts Bay Colony, and William Vassall, who was our ancestor, came to Boston with Governor Winthrop in the "Arabella." Like all of the name, William Vassall, 1592-1655, was devotedly attached to the Episcopal church. He settled in Scituate, but in 1634, provoked by the persecution to which the Episcopalians were subjected, he returned to England. Later he went to Barbadoes and died there. His son, Captain John Vassall, sold the Scituate estate in 1661, but the daughters married and remained in this country. Our ancestress, Frances Vassall, born in England in 1623, married James Adams, of Scituate, son of John Adams of the "Fortune," July 16, 1646. Savage states that, as the daughter of an original patentee who had probably received nothing for his money advanced to the colony, she received from the General Court in 1672 a grant of 150 acres. She was the mother of Margaret Adams, 1654-1737, who married John Pease, the founder of Enfield, and became the mother of the first child born here.

In King's Chapel, Boston, stands the quaint baroque monument of Samuel Vassall, which was erected in 1766 by his great-grandson, Florentius Vassall, of the Island of Jamaica, whose granddaughter and heiress was the celebrated Lady Holland, for over forty years the mistress of Holland House in London. The monument is constructed of colored marbles and adorned with a bust and the arms of the Vassall family, granted by Queen Elizabeth to John Vassall, father of Samuel and William, on account of his services against the Spanish Armada.

HOMES OF THE COLONIAL DAYS

Samuel's son, John Vassall, settled in Jamaica in the West Indies, but the latter's son, Major Leonard Vassall, lived in Boston, where, in 1727, he built a beautiful home in Summer street. This was the famous "Wayte Garden," fully described in the New England Genealogical and Historical Register for January, 1871, in an interesting article of fifteen pages under the title "A Home of the Olden Time." The site is mentioned as "the garden of Gamaliel Wayte" in the Boston "Book of Possessions," which resembles the Domesday Book in England. The house had a frontage of over 100 feet, with nine windows and two

doors below and eleven windows above. It stood three stories toward the street and had luthern or dormer windows in a gambrel roof. The ceilings were lofty and it had a richly wrought mahogany staircase leading to the third floor. The mahogany was brought from the Vassall estates in Jamaica. At about the same period Leonard Vassall also built for himself a summer home at Braintree (now Quincy), in which the parlor is paneled in mahogany from the same West Indian forests. Later this house became the home of the Adams family which gave two presidents to the United States.

Leonard Vassall's Boston home had a garden vista 300 feet long. A poet of the period speaks of the "baronial courtyard," paved with blue and white stones in a fanciful pattern, the flower beds edged with box and the luxuriant growth of roses, syringa, honeysuckle and snowdrops, the octagon summer house at the far end of the garden, and a series of six arcades filled with panel work to correspond with the façade of the great stable. These details are interesting as illustrating the comfort and even luxury which our forefathers provided for themselves within a century after the first settlements were made in New England. This house was a typical, but not exceptional, New England home of the period. We are more apt to associate such a mode of living with Virginia than with New England. While many of the more substantial families of Virginia embraced the patriot cause, the chief proprietors of New England remained loyalists. Of course, the "Wayte Garden" house has long since disappeared, but the Vassall houses in Cambridge and Quincy are still standing, as well as the Royall house in Medford. This was built in 1732 by Isaac Royall, whose daughter Penelope in 1742 married Colonel Henry Vassall, a son of Leonard Vassall.

On a knoll at the rear of the Royall house stood a summer house of great historical interest. Within its walls General John Stark, who made the Royall mansion his headquarters during the siege of Boston, together with General Lee, General Sullivan and others, planned the battle of Bunker Hill. Later Washington held councils here with his generals. It had previously been a favorite trysting place with the British officers, and many romances are connected with it. It was here that Henry Vassall wooed Penelope Royall and Sir William Pepperell here won Elizabeth Royall.

Further particulars of the Vassall family may be found in another article in the New England Historical and Genealogical

Register, volume XVII., page 56, entitled "The Vassalls of New England," by Edward Doubleday Harris. Leonard Vassall had seventeen children by his first wife, Ruth Gale, of Jamaica; by his second wife, Phebe Gross, he had one daughter. In 1730 he became instrumental in the founding of Trinity Church in Boston, the original edifice being located opposite his Summer street home. His son, Colonel John Vassall, married in 1734 Elizabeth Phips, daughter of Lieutenant-Governor Spencer Phips and granddaughter of the celebrated Sir William Phips, conqueror of Port Royal and governor of Massachusetts. Colonel Vassall lived for a time

TOMB OF
COLONEL
JOHN VASSALL
1713-1747

In Christ Churchyard
Cambridge, Mass.

nearly opposite the present Longfellow house in Brattle street, Cambridge, in the Belcher or Batchelder house, which he sold to his brother Henry in 1741. The elder brother, Colonel John Vassall, erected a monument in the graveyard of Christ Church in Cambridge, opposite the Harvard campus. Through the courtesy of a descendant of the Vassall family, Mrs. Cora E. Morgan, of Buffalo, N. Y. (who is also a descendant of Abigail Abbey, the elder sister of Captain Abbey, and wife of John Ward, who marched to Boston with the Enfield company), I am able to show a photograph of his tomb, now falling into decay after standing

THE ROYALL SUMMER HOUSE
in which the Battle of Bunker Hill was planned
(See page 69)

ROYALL HOUSE AT MEDFORD, MASS.
The building at the left is the slave quarters, said to be the only slave quarters still standing in New England.

for 170 years. The massive freestone slab is inscribed with the Vassall arms and rests on five columns. Here Colonel Vassall was buried in 1747. He was graduated at Harvard in 1732; his brother Lewis in 1728, and William in 1733. It was the last-named brother who protested by proxy against the ordination of Rev. James Freeman (grandfather of James Freeman Clarke) in King's Chapel in 1785, and also against the change in the liturgy from the Episcopal to the Unitarian rite. His youngest son, Nathaniel, became a captain in the British navy. There were four other Vassalls graduated at Harvard, one of whom was the son of the Colonel Vassall buried in this tomb. This second Colonel John Vassall was born in 1738, married Elizabeth Oliver, sister of the last royal lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts, was exiled in 1776, as already related, and, although his estates in Massachusetts were confiscated, lived in comfort on the revenues from his Jamaica estates until his death at Clifton, England, in 1797.

Leonard Vassall, of the "Wayte Garden" house, had a brother William born in Jamaica. William's son was Florentius Vassall, 1710-1779, who in 1766 erected the monument to his great-grandfather, Samuel Vassall, in King's Chapel, Boston. His son, Richard Vassall, 1731-2-1795, married Mary Clark, daughter of Thomas Clark, of New York. They had one child, Elizabeth Vassall, 1770-1845, whose second husband was Lord Holland, the English statesman. Mrs. Richard Vassall, after the death of her husband, married Sir Gilbert Affleck, second baronet, of Dalham Hall, Suffolk, and died in 1836, aged 86.

Reception of the American Loyalists by Great Britain in 1783

From the painting by Benjamin West. At the head of the loyalists stands Sir William Pepperell, Baronet, grandson of the conqueror of Louisburg, upon whom was conferred the only baronetcy ever granted to a native of New England. Next to Pepperell stands William Franklin, last royal governor of New Jersey and son of Benjamin Franklin. At the right hand stands the artist, who succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as president of the Royal Academy, together with his wife, both natives of Pennsylvania. It is gratifying to Americans to know that Benjamin West declined the knighthood which was offered him by George III.

A Crucial But Forgotten Episode of the Revolution and Its Significance on Its 142nd Anniversary

In his "Life of Thomas Paine," Moncure D. Conway says that the loyalists of the American revolution have never had justice done them. This I believe is true. Consider for a moment the case of Thomas Oliver, 1733-1815, mentioned above. All accounts agree that he was a man of most benevolent disposition and great courtesy. He was graduated at Harvard in 1753, married Elizabeth Vassall, sister of the Colonel Vassall who built the Longfellow house in Cambridge, and lived in great retirement at Elmwood, later the birthplace of James Russell Lowell. This mild-tempered, retiring gentleman was forced into the limelight of an arduous and unpleasant publicity through the offices conferred upon him by George III. The position of lieutenant-governor was an office clearly within the gift of the king, but his appointment to a seat in the council was not the king's prerogative, as, according to the royal charter, the position was subject to the election of the colonists.

On September 2, 1774, his home was the scene of one of the most dramatic episodes of the revolution. Early in the day a committee of landowners from neighboring towns appeared in Cambridge. They told the lieutenant-governor that they "came peaceably to inquire into their grievances, not with design to hurt any man," and went their way. Oliver hastened to Boston and secured the promise of the governor, General Gage, that no troops would be sent. This action of Thomas Oliver undoubtedly forestalled bloodshed on this occasion, and but for his non-combative nature and conciliatory manner, it is probable that the actual hostilities of the revolution would have begun on September 2, 1774, at Cambridge, instead of over seven months later at Lexington.

On the afternoon of the same day a crowd of 4,000 surrounded Elmwood, of whom 1,000 bore arms. They demanded Oliver's resignation from the council. Forced by threats and the appeals of his family, he signed a paper under duress. The original committee did not invade his property, and endeavored to protect him from the insults of those who bore arms. Two other members of the illegal council and the sheriff and clerk of the county were, by like measures, induced to sign resignations.

A full account of this extraordinary occasion will be found in the second volume of Sabine's "Loyalists," page 129 to 135. Proscribed and banished and his estates confiscated, Lieutenant-Governor Oliver, like most of the wealthy and influential loyalists, later felt the pinch of poverty and died in exile in England.

One hundred and forty-two years later, while I am writing these words, on September 2, 1916, the Congress of the United States is passing the eight-hour law for railway workers, forced thereto today by the same bold spirit manifested by American workingmen which animated their forebears in 1774. It is to be hoped that the railway magnates will take warning by the sad plight and unhappy fate of the loyalists of 1774 and yield gracefully to the inevitable march of democracy toward a more equitable distribution of wealth. In the discussion of the eight-hour law it would be well, especially for members of the Republican party, to recall the words of their great leader, President Lincoln, in his first annual message to Congress on December 3, 1861:

"In my present position I should scarcely be justified were I to omit raising a warning voice against this approach of returning despotism. It is the effort to place capital on an equal footing, if not above, labor, in the structure of government. Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor and could not have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration. Let the working people beware of surrendering a political power which they already possess, and which, if surrendered, will surely be used to shut the door of advancement for such as they, and fix new disabilities and burdens upon them until all of liberty is lost."

The sentiments of Lincoln regarding capital and labor are probably not more acceptable to railway presidents in 1916 than they were when Lincoln gave utterance to them in 1861; but as he himself said: "I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if need be, to die by," and if ever man "gave the last full measure of devotion" to his ideas that man was Abraham Lincoln.

Lincoln on the Declaration of Independence.

(Address in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, on Washington's Birthday, 1861. Lincoln was on his way to Washington to be inaugurated as President. Only a few hours previous he had been informed by Allan Pinkerton of the plot to assassinate him in the railway station at Baltimore on February 23. Bear in mind that Lincoln had just learned that eight men had drawn lots to kill him on the following day.)

All the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn from the sentiments which originated, and were given to the world, from this hall. I have never had a feeling politically that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. I have often pondered over the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here and framed and adopted the Declaration of Independence. I have pondered over the toils that were endured by the officers and soldiers of the army which achieved that independence. I have often inquired what great principle it was that kept this confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of the separation of the colonies from the mother land, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but, I hope, to the world for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men and that all should have an equal chance. This is the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence.

Now, my friends, can this country be saved upon this basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. If it cannot be saved upon that principle it will be truly awful. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up this principle, I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it.

THE CAUSE OF STATES RIGHTS

Another "Lost Cause" is represented by the shield of the Confederacy with its reproduction of Thomas Crawford's statue of George Washington. When the statue arrived in Virginia the people of Richmond in their enthusiasm dragged it by hand to Capitol Hill. Mr. Crawford died in 1857, and his widow, a sister of Julia Ward Howe, in 1861 married Luther Terry, the artist, who painted the famous signboard of the Abbe Inn at Enfield.

THE ABBE INN AND TEA ROOM AT ENFIELD

The signboard was painted by Luther Terry, the artist, step-father of Marion Crawford, the novelist. It was retouched in 1866 by Mr. Terry's nephew, Luther Terry Knight. On the reverse side from the American eagle the British lion is depicted in chains. The Abbe House, now kept by Mr. and Mrs. William A. Abbe, has been in Mr. Abbe's family for generations. It was built by Peter Reynolds Field, is said to be 125 years old and has always been a tavern.

THE MEXICAN QUESTION

The coat-of-arms of Mexico recalls the defeat of that country by the United States in 1848. How unfortunate for the people of that unhappy land that our government did not hold all that we then won by force of arms. In the 68 years that have elapsed since then, can anyone doubt that Mexico, as a territory of the United States, would have developed into another Texas or California under the same conditions? By the same token, does it not seem uncharitable to relinquish the Philippines? Left to their own resources and devices, I fear the Filipinos are likely to relapse into even worse barbarism than the Mexicans, if, as they would be quite unable to defend themselves, they are not, like the Coreans, speedily seized and exploited by the Japanese. As we have taken up the white man's burden in the Far East, it seems ungenerous to abandon the little brown men either to the Japanese or to their own present incompetence.

PRESIDENT WILSON ON MEXICO.

I feel impelled to quote the following passages on the Mexican situation from the President's speech at Shadow Lawn, New Jersey, on September 2, 1916, because it seems to me not only a clean-cut statement of facts and a complete exposition of the principles of a new and higher diplomacy than the world has yet known, but also because in these sentences we have one of the most eloquent and impassioned speeches in our language. If the speakers of antiquity surpassed it I do not know in which of the most famous orations that have been handed down to us. Certainly never before has an American President had the moral courage to let himself go as in this speech, and the power, sincerity and simplicity of a great soul vibrate in every line. Most convincing is the sentence: "Mistakes I have made in this perplexing business, but not in purpose." A lesser man would have said: "If I have made mistakes."

"THE NEW FREEDOM" IN DIPLOMACY.

While Europe was at war our own continent, one of our own neighbors, was shaken by revolution. In that matter, too, principle was plain, and it was imperative that we should live up to it if we were to deserve the trust of any real partisan of the right as free men see it. We have professed to believe, and we do believe, that the people of small and weak states have the

right to expect to be dealt with exactly as the people of big and powerful states would be. We have acted upon that principle in dealing with the people of Mexico.

PURSUIT OF BANDITS.

Our recent pursuit of bandits into Mexican territory was no violation of that principle. We ventured to enter Mexican territory only because there were no military forces in Mexico that could protect our border from hostile attack and our own people from violence, and we have committed there no single act of hostility or interference even with the sovereign authority of the Republic of Mexico herself. It was a plain case of the violation of our own sovereignty which could not wait to be vindicated by damages and for which there was no other remedy. The authorities of Mexico were powerless to prevent it.

Many serious wrongs against the property, many irreparable wrongs against the persons, of Americans have been committed within the territory of Mexico herself during this confused revolution, wrongs which could not be effectually checked so long as there was no constituted power in Mexico which was in a position to check them. We could not act directly in that matter ourselves without denying Mexicans the right to any revolution at all which disturbed us and making the emancipation of her own people await our own interest and convenience.

For it is their emancipation that they are seeking—blindly, it may be, and as yet ineffectually, but with profound and passionate purpose and within their unquestionable right, apply what true American principle you will—any principle that an American would publicly avow.

OUTSIDERS IN MEXICO.

The people of Mexico have not been suffered to own their own country or direct their own institutions. Outsiders, men out of other nations and with interests too often alien to their own, have dictated what their privileges and opportunities should be and who should control their land, their lives and their resources—some of them Americans, pressing for things they could never have got in their own country. The Mexican people are entitled to attempt their liberty from such influences; and so long as I have anything to do with the action of our great government I shall do everything in my power to prevent any one standing in their way. I know that this is hard for some persons to under-

stand; but it is not hard for the plain people of the United States to understand. It is hard doctrine only for those who wish to get something for themselves out of Mexico. There are men, and noble women, too, not a few, of our own people, thank God! whose fortunes are invested in great properties in Mexico who yet see the case with true vision and assess its issues with true American feeling. The rest can be left for the present out of the reckoning until this enslaved people has had its day of struggle toward the light. I have heard no one who was free from such influences propose interference by the United States with the internal affairs of Mexico. Certainly no friend of the Mexican people has proposed it.

AMERICAN SPIRIT.

The people of the United States are capable of great sympathies and a noble pity in dealing with problems of this kind. As their spokesman and representative, I have tried to act in the spirit they would wish me show. The people of Mexico are striving for the rights that are fundamental to life and happiness—15,000,000 oppressed men, overburdened women and pitiful children, in virtual bondage in their own home of fertile lands and inexhaustible treasure. Some of the leaders of the revolution may often have been mistaken and violent and selfish, but the revolution itself was inevitable and is right. The unspeakable Huerta betrayed the very comrades he served, traitorously overthrew the government of which he was a trusted part, impudently spoke for the very forces that had driven his people to the rebellion with which he had pretended to sympathize. The men who overcame him and drove him out represent at least the fierce passion of reconstruction which lies at the very heart of liberty; and so long as they represent, however imperfectly, such a struggle for deliverance I am ready to serve their ends when I can. So long as the power of recognition rests with me the government of the United States will refuse to extend the hand of welcome to any one who obtains power in a sister republic by treachery and violence. No permanency can be given the affairs of any republic by a title based upon intrigue and assassination. I declared that to be the policy of this Administration within three weeks after I assumed the Presidency. I here again vow it. I AM MORE INTERESTED IN THE FORTUNES OF OPPRESSED MEN AND PITIFUL WOMEN AND CHILDREN THAN IN ANY PROPERTY

RIGHTS WHATEVER. Mistakes I have no doubt made in this perplexing business, but not in purpose or object.

ALL AMERICA WATCHES.

More is involved than the immediate destinies of Mexico and the relations of the United States with a distressed and distracted people. All America looks on. Test is now being made of us whether we be sincere lovers of popular liberty or not and are indeed to be trusted to respect national sovereignty among our weaker neighbors. We have undertaken these many years to play big brother to the republics of this hemisphere. This is the day of our test whether we mean, or have ever meant, to play that part for our own benefit wholly or also for theirs. Upon the outcome of that test (its outcome in their minds, not in ours) depends every relationship of the United States with Latin America, whether in politics or in commerce and enterprise. These are great issues, and lie at the heart of the gravest tasks of the future, tasks both economic and political and very intimately inwrought with many of the most vital of the new issues of the politics of the world. The republics of America have in the last three years been drawing together in a new spirit of accommodation, mutual understanding and cordial co-operation. Much of the politics of the world in the years to come will depend upon their relationships with one another. It is a barren and provincial statesmanship that loses sight of such things!

THE TRAIL OF THE ABBEY FAMILY.

The trail of the Abbey family, in the direct line from the immigrant, John Abbey of Wenham, through Captain Thomas Abbey of the Revolution to Lieutenant Henry Abbey, Jr., now serving under General Pershing in Mexico, as shown in the inscriptions and seals on this Enfield memorial, stretches from rugged Massachusetts Bay to the smiling Connecticut valley; thence across New York State, with a halt at Franklin in Delaware County, where Seth Alden Abbey was born, and another halt at Watertown in Jefferson County, where his sons, Henry Gilbert Abbey and Edwin Alden Abbey, were born; the next trek was into the Western Reserve of Connecticut at Cleveland, Ohio; and thence, ever westerly, some going by way of the Isthmus of Panama and others by the Santa Fe trail across the plains, they became a part of the great drift which began in 1849 and led to California, to Oregon, to Arizona and latest of all, to Mexico.

A STUDY IN HEREDITY.

The preparation of these inscriptions has been a study in heredity. My grandfather and his elder brother, Dorrephus Abbey, were clearly inspired by the example and teachings of their grandfather, Captain Abbey; and I find similar traits and actions cropping out all along the line. In every American war the Abbeys have been animated by the spirit of 1775, and to-day, as I write these words, their latest and youngest defender of the flag is upholding the traditions of the family in Mexico.

Henry Abbey, Jr., failing to secure the appointment to West Point which he sought, volunteered as a private in the cavalry, passed his examinations for a lieutenancy, married his major's daughter, and in March, 1916, crossed the Mexican border with the Tenth Cavalry in the pursuit of Villa, which followed the Mexican General's raid on Columbus, New Mexico.

In what particular will the future historian discriminate between this little raid of Mexican bandits into the United States and the big raid of German bandits into Belgium? There are differences in quality even in bandits, and it has not been charged against Villa that either he or any of his ancestors ever pledged themselves in writing or otherwise to keep their hands off of the United States, as nobody questions that Germany did on a celebrated "scrap of paper" with regard to her neighbor, Belgium.

To my unkultured mind Villa seems a more decent brigand than Wilhelm, when one takes into account the opportunities for enlightenment enjoyed by these respective raiders.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

I wish to acknowledge the great assistance afforded me in the difficult task of wording the inscriptions by Mr. Wesley Weyman, the pianist. Those who admire his art as a musician of the first rank are perhaps not aware that genealogy is his recreation. I am also indebted for valuable aid to Miss Sara Anna Dunn, music critic of the New York Sun; to Miss Susan Hayes Ward, the author and critic, and to her brother, Dr. William Hayes Ward, the editor of The Independent; to Miss Kate Dickinson Sweetser, whose writings are introducing children in so attractive a manner to the boys and girls of Dickens, George Eliot and Thackeray, and to the children of history, not to mention her Indian braves; to Mr. Eckstein Case, secretary and treasurer of the Case School of Applied Science; to the editor of The Atlantic Monthly for permission to use the poem, "The Captain's Drum"; and I must acknowledge my debt to that noble gallery of American men and women, The National Cyclopaedia of American Biography, and particularly to its Conspectus, which is an inspiration to patriotic endeavor. From my recent thorough and exhaustive study of this interesting work I am persuaded that Dean Stanley was correct when he said that the United States, more than any other country in the world, furnishes examples of the finest men and women that have ever lived. Does not such a tribute as that, from our Mother Country, prove that the American experiment, our "Great Adventure" in democracy, is proving itself a success? By their fruits ye shall know them.

America has furnished to the world the character of Washington, and if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would entitle them to the respect of mankind.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE SPIRIT OF 1775

By Allan Dawson.

[Leading Editorial in the New York Globe on January 17, 1916.]

"I want to see in my country," says Elihu Root, "the spirit that beat in the hearts of the men at Concord Bridge, who were just and God-fearing men, but who were ready to fight for their liberty." A timely and inspiring declaration! The wish will be echoed by every true American.

The spirit of Concord! It was a spirit that put a higher value on moralities than on materialities. It was not satisfied with the philosophy that teaches that physical comfort is the supreme objective of life. It did not place personal and national prosperity first. Little actual oppression had come to the men who stood behind the bridge. To yield to the soldiers of King George was the easy and "practical" thing to do.

The immediate issue, in many ways abstract, little touched the average man. The taxes levied by the British government were not excessive. But there was something in these embattled farmers that forbade them to compromise their freedom—that whispered an imperative mandate to preserve intact a great tradition. They measured duty, as duty must always be measured, from the moral side. In these days let every American search his heart and say whether he feels an equal allegiance to things more precious than personal well-being. If he does not, let him restore himself.

The spirit of Concord did not merely stand for liberty in America, but for liberty everywhere. The privileges defended with the old flint-locks were such as the men of Massachusetts believed all mankind should enjoy and, in the fulness of time, would enjoy. The shot whose firing was heard 'round the world was for a universal and not a provincial principle. During 150 years of salutary neglect the colonials, free of the pressure of feudalism and its remainders, had developed a democracy.

In one hundred and forty years the seed planted at Concord and watered with patriot blood has had a mighty growth. The world has been transformed. Another King George sits at Westminster, but he reigns rather than rules. His government is an expression of the ideas of the men of Concord rather than the ideas of his great-grandfather. To every land and among people the most backward democratic light has penetrated. A few

months ago it seemed as if democracy had won its battle; that right, not might or privilege, was to rule; that men were to be brothers, not enemies; that each national group was to be secure as it pursued its internal improvement and caught inspiration from a wholesome rivalry.

Then came a war, for whose beginning no one has yet given an adequate explanation, to shatter the dream. The security was a sham security. There are those in the world who refuse to abide a common beneficent law, and these are strong. The banner of conquest has been unfurled, and the world has become dangerous to every peaceful, democratic nation. The Attila doctrine is revived that the warlike are authorized to seize the possessions of the unwarlike—that a strong arm and the ability to seize are the only sources of title.

Whether the upholders of this sinister principle will be broken in a new battle of Chalons (which was fought A. D. 451 on the banks on the Marne 50 miles nearer to Paris than Verdun and resulted in the death of 160,000 men in one day), or whether they will sweep on to engulf both hemispheres, are questions to be answered by the future. But the result is sufficiently doubtful, and there is enough probability that formerly pacific nations will become infected with the disease against which they have struggled, to make it criminal folly for this country to assume it can trust to right alone to protect it. The oceans, once broad, have diminshed to ferry space. The two seaboards of the Atlantic are now closer than were New York and Boston in Concord days. Diabolic invention has made unassisted valor valueless. Unless we hold in light esteem the principles on which this country was founded and have sunk to a gross materialism that will invite, if it does not justify, attack, we must prepare ourselves to defend not only the soil of America but that tract of spiritualities that is the true and abiding America. It is plain to every man who takes trouble to think that ideas backed by force are loose in the world, that must be met and checked or else this republic cannot expect to endure. The antagonism between Rome and Carthage was not more deadly than that which now exists between the ideals of diffuse, individualistic and pacific democracy and those of centralized, regimentized and militant autocracy. The two systems face each other, and one or the other must go. The world cannot exist half slave and half free. Thus the war in Europe closely concerns us, and thus it is that

we have need to lose no time in getting ready for a struggle that may burst on us with the suddenness that it burst on Belgium and the other peoples.

PATRICK HENRY'S PLEA FOR PREPAREDNESS IN 1775.

If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, we must fight! An appeal to arms and the God of Hosts is all that is left us.

There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The next breeze that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms.

Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?

I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death.

Address before the Virginia Convention in St. John's Church, Richmond, March 2, 1775.

Famous Descendants of the Immigrants Named on the Seats

ABBE.

General George B. McClellan, 1826-1885, was an Abbe descendant through his great-grandmother, Rachel Abbe, of Windham, the wife of General Samuel McClellan of the Revolution, who led a troop of Connecticut cavalry at Bunker Hill. The mother of De Witt McClellan Lockman, the well known portrait painter, was also an Abbe of Windham.

FAIRFIELD.

Among the descendants of the Fairfield family who have distinguished themselves I note the following: John Fairfield, 1797-1847, twice Governor of the State of Maine; Sumner Lincoln Fairfield, 1803-1844, the poet; Edmund Burke Fairfield, 1821, second chancellor of the University of Nebraska; William Fairfield Warren, first president of Boston University, and Wesley Weyman, the pianist.

PEASE.

The most distinguished descendant of the founder of Enfield, Captain John Pease, 1654-1734, in the direct line was probably Elisha Marshall Pease, 1812-1883. Born in Enfield, he early made his way to the far West and took part with Sam Houston in the revolution which freed Texas from Mexico in 1836. He drafted the constitution and the laws of the new republic. After Texas was admitted to the Union, Mr. Pease served for three terms as Governor of the State. Henry Roberts Pease also migrated to the West and became United States Senator from Mississippi, while Calvin Pease went to Vermont and became president of the State University.

GOODELL.

Among the Goodell family I note Rev. William Goodell, D. D., 1792-1867, missionary to Turkey for over 40 years, who preached in eight languages and translated the whole Bible into Armeno-Turkish; Henry H. Goodell, president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and David Harvey Goodell, Governor of the State of New Hampshire.

THE ADAMS FAMILY.

John Adams, who came to Plymouth on the Fortune in 1621, was the first of the name to set foot on these shores, but the descendants of his brother Henry, who settled in Braintree in 1640, have outstripped those of the first arrival, and include more illustrious men in a single direct line than any other family in America. Both of the immigrants are supposed to be brothers of Thomas Adams, of Plymouth, in England, who was an original grantee of the Massachusetts charter and assistant to Governors Cradock and Winthrop. John Adams, second President of the United States, once remarked that he was more proud of his "descent for 160 years from a line of virtuous, independent New England farmers than from regal or noble scoundrels since the flood." Agriculture seems to incline men to independence of thought and action, while the modern factory life seems to have almost the effect of a penitentiary upon the workers. Witness the subservience of the German people since Germany has become industrialized and think what the same people were in the revolution of 1848, when Germany was still an agricultural country, as she was in the heroic days of 1814. It seems to be "back to the soil," if you would have freemen instead of machines ready and apparently willing to be cannon-food for the modern Attila.

UNPARALLELED RECORD OF SERVICES BY ONE FAMILY.

The public services of Samuel Adams, "The Father of the American Revolution," foremost politician of his time and source of all the most important measures passed by the Continental Congress; together with those of his second cousin, John Adams, Minister to France from 1777 to 1782, to England 1782 to 1788, and second President of the United States; of the latter's son, John Quincy Adams, sixth President of the United States, and of his grandson, Charles Francis Adams, Minister to England during the Civil War—these I believe to be easily the most eminent and long-continued achievements of any one family in the recorded history of this or any other nation. It was John Adams who suggested George Washington for commander-in-chief of the army, by this master stroke practically committing Virginia to Massachusett's policy of resistance and to the cause of independence. Adams retired from the Presidency after 26 years

of uninterrupted service in a greater variety of trusts than fell to the lot of any other American of his time, and he was the only President who has had the satisfaction to see a son elected to the Presidency. John Quincy Adams signed more commercial treaties than had been negotiated since the foundation of the government, and after retirement from the Presidency served 16 years as a Congressman. The "Monroe Doctrine" was undoubtedly originated by J. Q. Adams when Secretary of State, and he was its spirited and consistent promulgator and adherent. He was the chief opponent of slavery in Congress, and originated the emancipation doctrine upon the authority of which President Lincoln issued his proclamation. His son, Charles Francis Adams, was our Minister to Great Britain throughout the Civil War, and James Russell Lowell said of him that "None of our generals in the field, not Grant himself, did us better or more trying service than he in his forlorn outpost in London." The frigid, restrained manner characteristic of the Adamses stood him in good stead in that trying time, and his sturdiness and simplicity strongly appealed to the English mind. This service he followed up with his skillful adjustment of the Alabama claims at Geneva.

This unique, continuous and unparalleled service by the members of a single family was not unworthily continued by Charles Francis Adams 2nd, whose memoirs have recently been published. He tells how both his father and grandfather were so absorbed in thinking and writing on public affairs that they did not care to get near to nature, whether in the woods or on the water. He is most amusing when he rails against "the terrible New England conscience," the dour New England Sabbath, and how he longed for Monday morning! He says his forbears were "by inheritance ingrained Puritans, and no Puritan by nature ever was really companionable." But all the same these men lived lofty lives and achieved vast results. The Adamses and their kind made a new and greater England here in America and developed democratic institutions in consistent harmony with Magna Charta and the work of Pym and Hampden, the English common law, and all the rights and privileges for which English-speaking freemen have fought and bled these hundreds of years. Races alien to our ideas of freedom and independence because of age-long repression, with no conception of political liberty and scant political talent because of lack of opportunity for its exercise under autocratic rule, have gathered around the

radiant nucleus of our revolutionary sires and threaten to engulf us. It must be made clear to them that the United States was an English colony, that we are still an English-speaking nation, and that other nationalities have had small part in the political making of this commonwealth. If they now desire to submit themselves and their future to the guidance of *Obrigkeit* or higher powers than the votes of their fellow citizens of America, let them return to their feudal allegiance to Czar or Kaiser, and no longer be permitted to conspire in behalf of their imperial masters amongst this self-ruling people.

DEMOCRACY AND COLONIZATION.

In the speech of Theodore Roosevelt, previously quoted, he insists that the immigrant be required to learn English or else go back to his native land. In this demand Mr. Roosevelt makes no appeal to race prejudice. His own ancestry is chiefly Dutch, but he recognizes that English is the language of this country, just as its founders and its institutions were of English origin. The true American does not fight to preserve these precious legacies because they are of English origin, but because he believes in the principles they represent. No people in the world have fought more valiantly for freedom than the Dutch; so have the Swiss, the French, the Italians, the Spanish and the Portuguese. The Germans and the Russians have also fought for freedom, but they have not yet succeeded in throwing off the yoke of dynastic and feudal tyranny. It is a curious thing that only those peoples who have developed democratic institutions have proved successful as colonizers, and only in proportion as the colonists themselves have developed democratically have the colonies become great and powerful. So, if the German people, and not merely their Hohenzollern and Junker masters, desire new places in the sun, they must first develop the sunshine of democracy in themselves. Colonies do not thrive on the soil of despotism.

Before leaving the Adams family, work of theirs in lighter vein should be mentioned. William T. Adams, better known as "Oliver Optic," whose books for boys and girls had a great popularity a generation ago, was a descendant of Henry Adams of Braintree.

TERRY.

Among the descendants of Captain Samuel Terry, 1661-1730, third captain of the Enfield trainband, were Major Nathaniel Terry, mentioned in the inscription on the pedestal as the ranking officer of the company enlisted by Captain Abbey; General Alfred Howe Terry, 1827-1890, of the Civil War, and Rev. Roderick Terry, D. D., of Newport, R. I., formerly governor of the New York Society of Mayflower Descendants.

ALDEN.

The descendants of John Alden, "the Puritan scholar" of the Mayflower, are very numerous, and include many of the chief representatives of American literature and statesmanship, such

as William Cullen Bryant and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, among the poets; Henry Mills Alden, for many years editor of Harper's Magazine, and all of the distinguished line, just described, that are descended from Hannah Bass Adams, who was the granddaughter of John Alden and the grandmother of John Adams, second President of the United States.

KIBBE.

Edward Kibbe of Boston, 1645, is said to have come from Exeter in England. He settled at Muddy River, now Brookline. His son, Elisha Kibbe, was baptized in the First Church in Boston in 1645, married Rachel Cooke, of Salem, and lived to be 97.

He was one of the first settlers of Enfield, and his youngest son, Isaac Kibbe, born in 1683, was the first boy born here. His daughter, Rachel Kibbe, born in 1688, lived until her 100th year. As already noted, she remembered the raising of the second church edifice in Enfield in 1706, when "there was a great frolick which lasted 3 days." She married first Jonathan Bush, 1681-1746, and secondly Lieutenant John Meacham. She was the grandmother of Hannah Bush, the wife of Colonel Amos Alden. Her brother, Isaac Kibbe, 1683-1766, was the father of Isaac Kibbe, 1731-1779, who, during the revolution, kept the tavern which stood on the east side of Enfield

street less than a quarter mile to the north of the meeting house, which he built and completed in 1775, and around which Captain Abbey drummed the Lexington Alarm. Another descendant of Elisha Kibbe, the pioneer settler, is the well known genealogist and authority on Enfield history, James Allen Kibbe, of Warehouse Point.

BUSH.

The most distinguished descendant of the Bush family is Henry Kirke Bush-Brown, the well known sculptor.

"Under a republican form of government the individual's public duty to the state is as important as his private duty to his family."

Washington's Farewell Address

The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of Government; but the Constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish Government, presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established Government.

All obstructions to the execution of its laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive to this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency.

In relation to this still subsisting war in Europe (England was then leading the fight of Europe against Bonaparte, just as she is to-day leading the struggle against the German Kaiser) my proclamation of the 22nd of April, 1793, is the index to my plan.

After deliberate examination, with the aid of the best lights I could obtain, I was well satisfied that our country, under all the circumstances of the case, had a right to take—and was bound in duty and interest to take—a neutral position.

The duty of holding a neutral conduct may be inferred, without anything more, from the obligation which justice and humanity impose on every nation, in cases in which it is free to act, to maintain inviolate the relations of peace and amity towards other nations.—September 17, 1796.

If we mean to support the liberty and independence which have cost us so much blood and treasure to establish, we must drive far away the demon of party spirit.—*George Washington.*

The Legacy of Washington

What has Washington left behind, save the glory of a name? The independent mind, the conscious pride, the ennobling principle of the soul,—a nation of freemen. What did he leave? He left us to ourselves. This is the sum of our liberties, the first principle of government, the power of public opinion, the only permanent power on earth. When did a people flourish, like the Americans? Yet where, in time of peace, has more use been made of the pen, or less of the sword of power?

Napoleon, the contemporary of our Washington, is fast dying away from the lips of men. He who (like the German Kaiser to-day) shook the whole civilized earth; who, in an age of knowledge and concert among nations, held the world at bay; at whose exploits the imagination becomes bewildered, who, in the eve of his glory, was honored with the pathetic appellation of "the last lone captive of millions in war"—even he is now known only in history. The vast empire was fast tumbling to ruins (like that of "Berlin to Bagdad") while he yet held the sword. He passed by and left no successor there! The unhallowed light which obscured is gone; but brightly beams yet the name of Washington!—From "America as a Moral Force," by Cassius Marcellus Clay, 1810-1903.

MORAL FORCE MORE POWERFUL THAN PHYSICAL FORCE.

[President Wilson's speech before the New York Press Club on June 30, 1916.]

I have not read history without observing that the greatest forces in the world and the only permanent forces are the moral forces. We have the evidence of a very competent witness, namely, the first Napoleon, who said as he looked back in the last days of his life upon so much as he knew of human history, he had to record the judgment that force had never accomplished anything that was permanent.

Force will not accomplish anything that is permanent, I venture to say, in the great struggle which is now going on on the other side of the sea. The permanent things will be accomplished afterward, when the opinion of mankind is brought to bear upon the issues, and the only thing that will hold the world steady is this same silent, insistent, all-powerful opinion of mankind.

Force can sometimes hold things steady until opinion has time to form, but no force that was ever exerted except in response to that opinion was ever a conquering and predominant force. I think the sentence in American history that I myself am proudest of is that in the introductory sentences of the Declaration of Independence, where the writers say that a due respect for the opinion of mankind demands that they state the reasons for what they are about to do.

I venture to say that a decent respect for the opinion of mankind demanded that those who started the present European war should have stated their reasons, but they did not pay any heed to the opinion of mankind, and the reckoning will come when the settlement comes.

There are some gentlemen who are under the delusion that the power of a nation comes from the top. It does not. It comes from the bottom. The power and virtue of the tree does not come from the blossom and the fruit down into the roots, but it comes from the roots in the obscure passages of the earth where the power is derived which displays itself in the blossom and the fruit; and I know that among the silent, speechless masses of the American people is slowly coming up the great sap of moral purpose and love of justice and reverence for humanity which constitutes the only virtue and distinction of the American people.

THE COST OF FREEDOM.

The lowest condition is reached when absolute and despotic power becomes necessary on the part of government, and individual liberty extinct. So, on the contrary, just as a people rise in the scale of intelligence, virtue and patriotism, and the more perfectly they become acquainted with the nature of government, the ends for it which was ordered, and how it ought to be administered, and the less the tendency to violence and disorder within and danger from abroad, the power necessary for government becomes less and less, and individual liberty greater and greater. Liberty is the noblest and the highest reward bestowed on mental and moral development. Liberty and equality are high prizes to be won; and are, in their most perfect state, not only the highest reward that can be bestowed on our race, but the most difficult to be won, and when won, the most difficult to be preserved.

JOHN C. CALHOUN, 1848.

THE QUEST OF ANCESTORS

[An article by Alden Freeman published in "Town and Country," on March 18, 1905, with some additional matter. John H. Flagg, author of "The Monarch, and Other Poems," "Lyrics of New England," etc., wrote of the original article as follows: "I was intensely interested in this genealogical article, which approaches a classic in style, arrangement, diction and general treatment."]

A true and sincere study of genealogy should lead not to pride of ancestry by the picking and choosing of those forbears who distinguished themselves, but rather to a democratic feeling of brotherhood with all mankind; for, on going back only a few generations, we will find ourselves related to nearly all the inhabitants of a certain town such as Enfield or Duxbury, and among our fellow descendants will find some, perhaps, in the humblest walks of life; so, if pursued in the proper spirit, I believe genealogical studies will lead, not to inordinate pride of birth, but rather to emulation of the virtues of distinguished ancestors and to sympathy and helpfulness for their less fortunate descendants.

In joining patriotic and ancestral societies the feature which chiefly interested me was the study of particular periods of our history which it necessitates. With the personal interest aroused by discovering that those of our own blood took part in stirring events, the drybones of history take on flesh and the lusty hues of romance. In collecting the records of twenty-five ancestors for the Society of Colonial Wars I covered the whole period from the settlement of Jamestown to the battle of Lexington and came upon adventures quite as alluring as those described by Mary Johnston in "Audrey," or by Thackeray in "The Virginians," and which led across the sea to Scotland, to Wales, to Holland and to France, as well as to England.

THE ALDEN FAMILY.

Given the name of "Alden" tended to arouse my interest in all that related to my ancestor, John Alden, "the Puritan scholar." The family Bible records the descent back to Colonel Amos Alden, of Enfield, my great-great-grandfather, and when I was asked to join the Society of Mayflower Descendants I found no difficulty in proving my descent, as Colonel Alden's name was in the earliest published genealogy of the Alden family. When I say

"no difficulty" I do not wish it understood that there is no labor attached to securing admission to the Mayflower Society. None of the other ancestral societies approaches in strictness of positive proof of descent to the requirements of this society. Membership in it is therefore of the highest value in establishing the family record and also in making it permanent. It took me two or three months to secure all the documents and certificates required by the genial founder, Captain Richard Henry Greene, who then set me at work to establish a Mayflower Society in New Jersey.

JOHN ALDEN'S CHAIR

This chair has been for several generations in the Alden family, and, according to tradition in the family, belonged to John Alden, of the Mayflower. Timothy Alden brought it to Chautauqua, N. Y., in 1828 or 1829.

Hannah Alden, 1771-1821, was the daughter of Colonel Amos Alden, 1745-1826. According to the Connecticut State Register, he was in 1800 captain of the Fifth Company, First Regiment, Connecticut Cavalry; major of the same, 1802-6, and lieutenant-colonel of the First Regiment in 1807. Amos Alden was descended from Joseph Kingsbury, of Dedham, 1641, from Thomas Hayward, an original proprietor and the earliest settler of Bridgewater, and from John Willis, first deacon of the Bridgewater church. Amos Alden's wife was Hannah Bush, who was descended from John Bush, of the "Alexander," 1634; from Thomas Lamb, of Roxbury, who came in the fleet with Winthrop in 1630; from Edward Kibbe, of Boston, 1645, who married Mary Partridge; from Henry Cooke, of Salem, 1638, who married Judith Burdsell in 1639, and from Richard French, 1674-1757, of Enfield.

The preparation of the papers required to join any of the patriotic societies opens up vistas of interesting ancestral personages. In the Duxbury military company I found marching with John Alden in 1643 his son Joseph; John Willis, first representative of Bridgewater in the general court of Plymouth colony and her deputy for twenty-five years; Moses Simmons, of the "Fortune," 1621; John Harding, 1586-1669, deputy to the general court, and Thomas Hayward, who came first in the "William and Francis," 1632, and secondly in the "Hercules," 1635. Like John Willis, the latter was an original proprietor of Bridgewater. To each of these members of the Duxbury trainband I traced descent. In the same year John Dunham, 1588-1669, representative of Plymouth, 1639 to 1664; James Adams, of Marshfield, son of John, who came in the "Fortune," 1621; Thomas Harvey, 1617-1651, of Taunton, and William Vassall, 1592-1655, of Scituate, marched side by side, and to each I likewise traced descent.

Probably it never occurred to any of these ten men of sturdy English descent that the blood which they then risked in defence of Plymouth colony would be mingled in the veins of joint descendants of them all two centuries and a half later, with the blood of Huguenot Frenchmen, canny Scotsmen and stolid Dutchmen, which, with still other strains, go to make up the conglomerate known as an American.

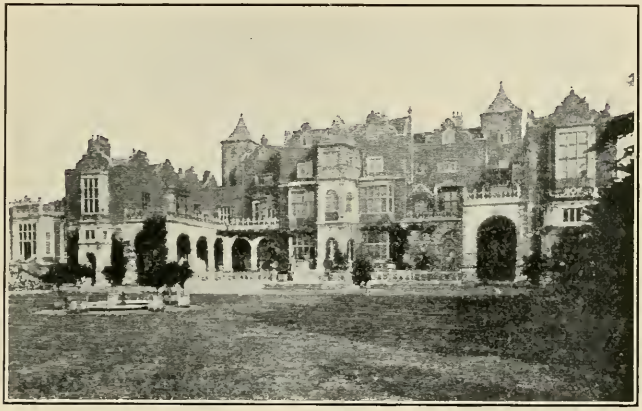
THE VASSALL FAMILY.

The family of Vassall particularly interested me. In their annals will be found a fruitful field for the historical novelist. They were an ancient Catholic family of Normandy, which included two cardinals and a marshal of France; but Jean Vassall became a Huguenot and fled into England a few years before the massacre of St. Bartholomew. He was one of the ancestors through whom I established my claim to membership in the Huguenot Society, which flourishes under the fostering care of its long-time secretary, Mrs. James M. Lawton, the daughter of General Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame. At his own cost this John Vassall fitted out and commanded two ships of war against the Spanish Armada. Later he became a member of the Virginia Company, which made the settlement at Jamestown in 1607. While in London in 1900 I one day went down to Stepney and visited the ancient parish church of St. Dunstan's, where I saw the record of John Vassall's death "of the plague," September 13, 1625.

ELIZABETH VASSALL, LADY HOLLAND.

Among the descendants of John Vassall, both in America and England, easily the most celebrated was Elizabeth Vassall, already mentioned, who married, as her second husband, Henry Richard Vassall-Fox, third Baron Holland. Both of her husbands, by the provisions of her grandfather's will, were required to assume the surname of Vassall. The family of her first husband, Sir Godfrey Vassall-Webster, Bart., owned Battle Abbey from 1719 to 1849, and in 1901 it was restored to the family as the property of her descendant, Sir Arthur Webster.

Lord Holland was the nephew of the great statesman, Charles James Fox. While making the grand tour, and only twenty, he



HOLLAND HOUSE

The first of the great historic houses of England which was restored and embellished by the heiress to an American fortune.

met in Florence the beautiful Lady Vassall-Webster, aged twenty-three, and then began the love which ended only with his life. By act of Parliament the first marriage of Elizabeth Vassall was dissolved and she became the wife of Lord Holland. Together they set out upon a career of political and social success unequaled before or since in English life. Lady Holland was a remarkable woman. Brilliant, witty, with a queenly grace of manner, she was also well informed, possessed of wonderful tact and, above all, gifted with common sense; an ardent horticulturist, she planned gardens and introduced the dahlia into England; as

warm a heart as ever beat, she never deserted a friend. She established the only true salon ever known in England, and there the great Whig party came into power. To comprehend the charm, distinction and power of the gatherings at Lady Holland's home one must read Macaulay's essay on Lord Holland, which shows more human feeling and affection than anything else from the great historian's pen; or, if you would pursue the subject further, read "The Holland House Circle," by Lloyd Saunders. It has been said that from 1750 to 1850 the history of Holland House was the history of England.

ELIZABETH VASSALL, LADY HOLLAND
From the portrait by Fagan

Lady Holland was the friend of Madame de Stael, Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, Talleyrand, Metternich, "Junius," Byron, Moore, Sheridan, Brougham, Walpole, Canova, Wilkie, Macaulay and Sidney Smith; in fact, of all the great men of her time, to mention only a few of the celebrities who met at her hospitable board. She took pity on the imperial bandit who ravaged Europe a century ago and cheered his captivity, both at Elba and at St. Helena.

CÆSARISM IN THE 20TH CENTURY.

History repeats itself again and again. The imperator of the twentieth century is only a harder, more brutal and more efficient Cæsar than his Roman prototypes, not lacking even the play-actor traits and artistic yearnings of Nero. Nietzsche's "Power to Will," as promulgated through Treitschke and Bernhardi and other German writers, incites to a ruthlessness and an unscrupulousness in the pursuit of power that halts at no enormity, and which, if unchecked, forecasts a repetition of the Dark Ages which succeeded the sway of the imperial madmen of Rome, and during which the waging of war became the only permanent business of mankind.

The twentieth century Cæsar has transformed whole nations into one vast Praetorian Guard. The obedient millions of Central Europe have bartered their liberties and all freedom of speech and action for a mess of pottage, for *panem et circenses*, as in Roman days. Their master feeds and clothes and houses his submissive serfs, including the fawning professors of his universities, in the most efficient, scientific and economical manner. Cæsar has become sacrosanct and infallible. He has spread his network of espionage over the whole earth. His agents voice his will in the parliaments and legislatures of every land. His Machiavellian hand is seen even in the cabinets of nations with which he is at war. His Dionysian ear is like the dictograph and under every rooftree. He flatters the blind, driven cattle of his own land and tells them they shall inherit the earth. One simple-minded Teuton wrote me that he had discovered "why all the world hates the Germans." "The rest of the world is jealous of us," he declares, "because we are more intelligent, better educated and more moral than any other people, and therefore better fitted to govern the rest of the world than any other nation."

THE LUSITANIA, MAY 7, 1915.

Not all the seven oceans
Shall wash away the stain;
Upon a brow that wears a crown
I am the brand of Cain.

JOYCE KILMER.

What has become of the Germany that all the world loved and respected; the Germany of Huss and Luther, of Leibnitz and Kant, of Goethe and Schiller, of Beethoven and Mozart; the Germany of Andreas Hofer and Kossuth, of Carl Schurz and Franz Sigel, of Heine and Wagner? Where is the old-time respect for art, the old-time defiance of tyrants, the former love of liberty? I cannot believe that the people who have produced leaders in every field of thought and action, mighty champions of freedom, are so entirely changed, so basely degenerated as their warlord would have us to think, but only throttled and gagged,

NAPOLEON'S SNUFF BOX

Bequeathed by him to Elizabeth Vassall-Fox, Lady Holland. Now in the British Museum

and will ere long destroy the military Frankenstein which now enthralls them and once more show themselves to be freemen and brothers to the rest of mankind in the age-long struggle for liberty, worthy descendants of the Germans who threw off the yoke of Napoleon in 1814 and kinsmen of the revolutionists of 1848. One lone voice has been raised in protest in the German Reichstag, that of a man worthy to be president of the United States of Central Europe. I refer, of course, to Karl Liebnecht, who, in consequence of his courage and independence, now languishes in a German prison.

"Man is not the mere creature of the state. Man is older than nations, and he is to survive nations. All nations are bound

to respect the rights of every human being."—William Ellery Channing.

At this time to understand Lady Holland, an Englishwoman's kindness to Napoleon, it is necessary to recall that the French emperor, brigand though he was, was not charged with systematic inhumanity; that he conducted his campaigns in accord with the accepted law of nations; that he did not make war on women and children nor on unarmed men. At his death Napoleon sent to Lady Holland by the hands of his faithful friends, Counts Bertrand and Montholon, "as token of gratitude and esteem," the gold snuffbox presented to him at Tolentino in February, 1797, by Pope Pius VI.

ROMANCE IN THE MORGAN FAMILY.

In King Philip's war I found Nathaniel Hayward, son of Thomas Hayward, of Bridgewater, already mentioned; John Shaw, son of Abraham Shaw, of Dedham, 1637; John Whitmarsh, son of John Whitmarsh, who arrived with Hall's party from Weymouth, England, in 1635, and also Thomas Abbey and Miles Morgan, the hero of Springfield. The story that John Alden fell in love with Priscilla Molines while the "Mayflower" lay at Southampton finds its duplicate in the tale of young Miles Morgan, who, wandering in January, 1636, on the wharves at Bristol, beheld the fair Prudence Gilbert, about to sail with her parents for America, and thereupon hastily determined to embark in the same ship. On landing in Boston Miles joined the exploring party of Colonel William Pynchon, which located the town of Springfield. Although the only pioneer admitted who was less than twenty-one years of age, he soon became second in command. No sooner had the youth received his allotment of land than he started back on foot with an Indian guide to Beverly, where the Gilbert family had settled. There he and Prudence were married. He brought her back, also on foot, with the Indian and a horse purchased in Beverly, both laden with the bride's household goods, and going before, while Captain Morgan, following with his matchlock and with his bride by his side, made his way through the trackless forest to their new home in the wilderness. Here are a courtship and marriage as romantic as those of John Alden and Priscilla, waiting for a Longfellow to enshrine them in verse. This story is gleaned from "The Family of Morgan," by the eminent Shakespearean scholar, Dr. Appleton Morgan.

Mr. Morgan tells an interesting tale of Miles Morgan's grandfather, Sir William Morgan, of Tredegar in Wales, where he entertained Charles I. for two days in July, 1645, a month after the king's decisive defeat at Naseby. Four generations further back in this line we find Thomas Morgan of Machen serving as esquire of the body to the first of the Tudor kings, Henry VII., and Mr. Morgan carries this Welsh lineage to the Tudor family itself, also to the great Cadwallader and other British and Welsh kings of the seventh century. From Thomas Morgan of Machen the line is traced down to Sir Henry Morgan, the famous buccaneer who ravaged the Spanish Main, capturing entire Spanish squadrons and holding up large cities for ransom. Old Panama he sacked and destroyed in 1671, but it was so substantially built that after nearly 250 years its ruins are still impressive. Notwithstanding his cruelty and looting, James II. knighted him and made him governor of Jamaica on account of the damage he had inflicted on England's Spanish foes. He left no descendants. In this tercentenary of Shakespeare it is interesting to note a bequest by a Morgan widow in the seventeenth year of Henry VIII. (1526) to her curate, Sir Thomas Schaftespere, said to be an ancestor of the great William.

Among the members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston I found, in the year 1644, Robert Crosman, who settled in Taunton in 1645, and in 1661, Captain John Pease, whose son, likewise Captain John Pease, was the founder of Enfield.

ALLEN'S UNIQUE "HISTORY OF ENFIELD."

Through the generosity of Francis Olcott Allen, Enfield possesses the most complete historic record of any town in this country, published in three volumes of a thousand pages each, in which I have been able to see how my maternal ancestors lived and moved and had their being, as in a looking-glass. Here I read of Samuel Terry, third captain of the town's militia and deputy to the general court of Massachusetts before the boundaries were so altered in 1750 that Enfield became a part of Connecticut; and of the long line of warlike Abbeys, beginning with John, who came in the "Bonaventure" and settled in Salem in 1636; his son Thomas, who settled in Enfield after King Philip's war; his grandson, Lieutenant Thomas Abbey, and his great-grandson, Thomas Abbey, ensign and lieutenant in the French

and Indian wars, and afterward captain in the revolution, whose service I was invited to represent in the Society of the Cincinnati.

THE SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI.

The Continental officers, indignant at a Congress which failed to make provision for disabled officers and for the widows and orphans of deceased soldiers, resolved to undertake their relief by starting a fund to which each should contribute one month's pay. Their society was founded on May 13, 1783, at the Verplanck house, still standing on the banks of the Hudson at Fishkill, New York. At that time the already venerable mansion of the Verplanck family was the headquarters of Baron

The Order of the Society of the Cincinnati, designed by Major L'Enfant the French engineer, who made the plan of the city of Washington.

Steuben, who organized the society with the co-operation of General Knox, Alexander Hamilton, General Lafayette and other officers of the Revolution. They chose George Washington for the first president of the society.

After the lapse of 133 years it is interesting to recall that at the time of its founding the Society of the Cincinnati was regarded with suspicion as the entering wedge of returning despotism, that many feared it might result in the establishment in America of an hereditary aristocracy and that even monarchy itself might, through its malign influence, be restored. Out of this opposition to the Society of the Cincinnati, which was so serious and so active that Washington and his advisers at one

time contemplated the abandonment of the project altogether, there developed the most powerful organization in municipal politics that this country has ever known. It appears to be unquestioned that the Society of Tammany was organized in New York City to protect democratic institutions from the supposed menace of the Society of the Cincinnati.

THE HARVEY FAMILY.

Another line which interested me was the Harvey family. "The Harvey Book," by Oscar J. Harvey, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., is a model for genealogists. From it I learned of Turner Harvey, the favorite longbowman and archer of Henry VIII., and his son, William Harvey, who managed to retain his office in the College

MOUNT GULIAN

Homestead of the Verplanck Family at Fishkill-on-the-Hudson, in which the Society of the Cincinnati was organized, May 13, 1783.

of Heralds during a period of thirty years, through all the disturbances of four Tudor reigns, when the state religion was alternately Protestant and Catholic. Henry VIII. made him Somerset herald, and he represented Edward VI. "in the King's-coat" at the funeral of Queen Katherine Parr. King Henry sent him on official visits to the court of Denmark, to Emperor Charles V. and to Maurice, Duke of Saxony. Edward VI. made him Norroy King of Arms, and seven times sent this trained and typical diplomatist on embassies to Germany. It was he whom Queen Mary sent June 7, 1557, to declare war against France, when urged thereto by her husband, Philip II., and she created

him Clarenceux King of Arms, which office he retained under Elizabeth until his death. Most of these particulars I gathered at the College of Heralds in London, from "A History of the College of Arms," published in 1805. William Harvey seems to have been of a choleric temper, but "his abilities were considerable." He was free of the Skinners' Company (furriers' guild), and "in 1561 he gave both a crest and supporters to their arms." In the Public Record Office, close to the law courts in the Strand, I found grants of arms to various families signed by him, one of which, dated 1559, I had copied, as it contained, in the illumi-

WILLIAM HARVEY
1553
From Thane's "Portraits and Autographs of Royal and Illustrious Personages."

nated initial letter, a portrait of my ancestor dressed in his herald's coat, or tabard, of arms. These grants all begin: "To all and singular, etc." It is little incidents like this that make the genealogical question so beguiling.

William Harvey, brother of Turner Harvey, the longbowman of Henry VIII., who was so strong that after his death no one was able to draw his bow, had a famous grandson in Dr. William Harvey, 1578-1657, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. He left no descendants, but there is a fine statue of him at his birthplace, Folkestone, on the Kentish coast. Like his second cousin, William Harvey, the diplomatist, he was intimately con-

nected with the court, and was physician to James I. and Charles I. He frequently prosecuted his anatomical experiments in the presence of the latter king, whose fortunes he followed during the civil war, being present at the battle of Edgehill, and retiring with him to Oxford. It was in 1619, while physician to St. Bartholomew's hospital in London, that he made his great discovery. His adherence to the royal cause cost him this position in 1644, but he continued to lecture at the College of Physicians,

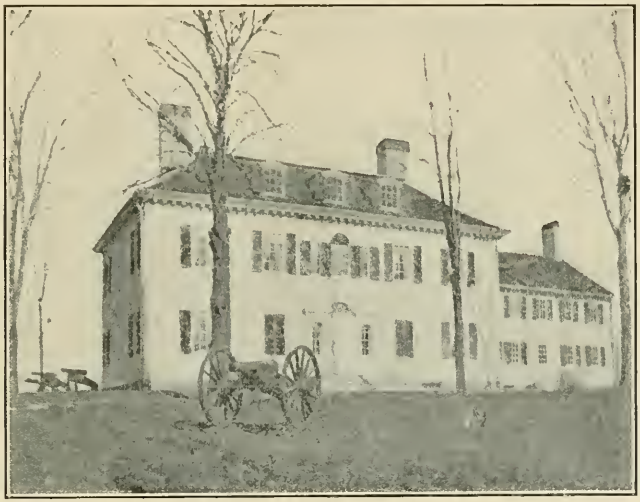
STATUE OF DR. WILLIAM HARVEY
in Folkestone, England
The discoverer of the circulation of the blood

where, in 1652, he had the rare honor of seeing his own statue placed in the college hall. He enjoyed the intimacy of the king, of Sir Francis Bacon, Hobbes, Dryden, Cowley and other persons of note, and lived to be considered the first anatomist and physician of his time, and to see his discoveries universally acknowledged.

Other parts of the original article in 'Town and Country," entitled "The Quest of Ancestors," will be found in the following sketch of the Freeman family as well as in preceding sections of this pamphlet.

The Freemans of Woodbridge, New Jersey

Through the efforts of Daniel Freeman, of Los Angeles, California, the Freeman family, of Woodbridge, has been traced back in England to the reign of Henry VI., when John Freeman lived in Bentley, Northamptonshire, in 1442. Of my father's family the immigrant ancestor was Judge Henry Freeman, of Woodbridge, whose sister Elizabeth married John Ford and settled in Morristown. Her son, Colonel Jacob Ford, Sr., about 1773 built the house now known as "Washington's Headquar-



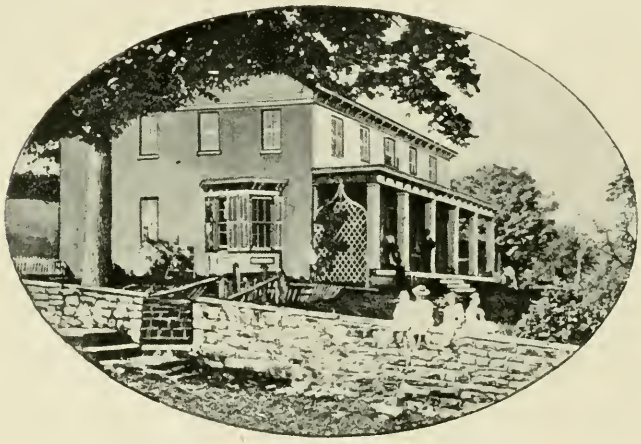
WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT MORRISTOWN, N. J.

The mother of Col. Jacob Ford, senior, who built the house, was Elizabeth Freeman, of Woodbridge, N. J. This roof sheltered more of the heroes of the Revolution than any other in America.

ters," in that town, and her grandson, Colonel Jacob Ford, Jr., about 1768, built the stone house at Mount Hope, N. J.

It was in the house at Mount Hope that Elizabeth Freeman spent the last four years of her life, dying there April 21, 1772, aged 91 years and 1 month. Her great-grandson, Judge Gabriel H. Ford, kept a diary. Shortly before his death, in his eighty-fifth year, under date of June 21, 1849, he wrote that he was seven years old at the time of the death of his great-grandmother, "whose short stature and slender, bent person I clearly recall, having lived in the same house with her." From her, he says,

the Ford family learned that her father fled from England to avoid persecution. This confirms the tradition of the Freeman family that he was a Quaker. According to the census record of 1772, Elizabeth Freeman "came into Philadelphia when there was but one house in it, and into this province (East Jersey), when she was but one year and a half old." Judge Ford says that "while landing his goods her father fell from a plank into the Delaware river and was drowned between the ship and the shore, leaving a family of young children in the wilderness." The Freemans of Woodbridge made their advent in America with this dire misfortune in 1682, the same year in which William Penn made his first voyage to America, and close to the same date.



STONE MANSION AT MOUNT HOPE, N. J.

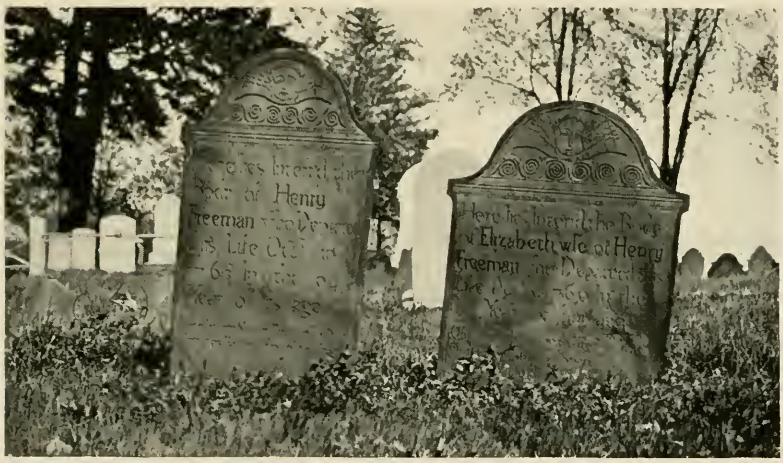
Built by the Ford family before they erected the house in Morristown known as Washington's Headquarters. Here is the Elizabeth Mine, named for Elizabeth Freeman, of Woodbridge, which supplied the iron for the cannon and cannon-balls used by Washington's army.

These facts are taken from "The Record" for March, 1880, published by the First Presbyterian Church of Morristown, of which Judge Ford's grandfather, Rev. Timothy Johnes, was pastor from 1743 to 1794, covering the whole revolutionary period. He is said to have administered communion to Washington. His daughter, Theodosia Ford, widowed early in 1777 with five young children, offered to Washington the hospitality of her home, and he made it his headquarters from December 1, 1779, to June,

1, 80. Among those who met at the Ford house at this period were Hamilton, Schuyler, Stirling, Greene, Knox, Harry Lee, John Stark, Israel Putnam, Anthony Wayne, Benedict Arnold, Steuben, Duportail, Pulaski, De Kalb, Kosciusko and Lafayette.

THE FREEMAN IMMIGRANT ANCESTOR.

Judge Freeman was sturdy in his assertion of the rights of the colonists against the encroachments of the royal governors, who, nevertheless, recognized his worth by long-continued appointment, as one of the six judges of the court of common pleas of Middlesex county. He lived considerably past ninety years, and was buried in 1763 in the Presbyterian churchyard at Woodbridge, where his tombstone stands amidst the graves of several generations of his descendants.



TOMBSTONES OF JUDGE HENRY FREEMAN
and HIS WIFE, ELIZABETH BONUE
Presbyterian Churchyard, Wookbridge, New Jersey

The inscription on this tombstone of Henry Freeman the Immigrant, stating that he died October 10, 1763, in the 94th year of his age, does not agree with the statement in Daniel Freeman's "Genealogy" that he was born August 7, 1672. This birth date Mr. Freeman copied from St. Sepulchre's Records in London, England, where he also found the birth date, July 12, 1670, of his own ancestor, Edward Freeman, brother of Henry and Elizabeth. Perhaps some future student of family history will clear up this discrepancy.

Daniel Freeman gives the birth date of Joseph Freeman (who was drowned in the Delaware River in 1682) as October 2, 1639, and his marriage to Elizabeth Gosse (born 1636) on March 14, 1666, in the parish of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, London. He carries the line back to William Freeman (father of Joseph), who was baptized January 14, 1592, at St. Mary at Hill; married Mary Orell November 3, 1638, and died at Betchworth in Surrey May 27, 1657; to William's father, Martyn Freeman, also of Betchworth, who married Elizabeth Lawrence, daughter of Matthew Lawrence, and grand-daughter of Sir Oliver Lawrence, Knight, who quartered his arms with those of the Washington family; to Martyn's father, Edward Freeman, who married Elizabeth Maush; to Edward's father, Henry Freeman, of Wallgrave, Northhamptonshire, who married Mary Wintershall; to Henry's father, Lawrence Freeman, who lived at Bentley and Wallgrave in the reign of Richard II. and married Anne Frebodye, daughter of Thomas Frebodye, of Northamptonshire; and, finally, to Lawrence's father, John Freeman, mentioned above as living in Henry VI.'s time. Under date of November 27, 1662, Evelyn writes in his Diary: "Dined with old Sir Ralph Freeman, Master of the Mint." This was the eldest son of Martyn Freeman. Mr. Freeman relates many interesting incidents of family history and his book is beautifully illustrated in colors with the armorial bearings of the Isham family (the first John Freeman's wife being of that lineage) and those of the Frebodye, Wintershall, Lawrence and Washington families, as well as the variations and quarterings used by different members of the Freeman family. He also includes a still older brother of Edward, Henry and Elizabeth, named John Freeman, born in 1669, and married at St. Botolph's in London on October 3, 1693, to Mrs. Mary Dockra, of St. Helen's Parish. This John Freeman appears to have been in America at Woodbridge, N. J., in 1710, but subsequently returned to England, where his second marriage in St. Paul's Cathedral is recorded on January 14, 1743, to Hester Coleman.

In our home in East Orange we have an interesting souvenir of Judge Henry Freeman in his beautiful mahogany hall clock, which marks the hours to-day as deliberately and cheerily as it did in his lifetime. Above the dial is a painting on brass of a sea-fight in which the conquering frigate flies the Union Jack of Great Britain, while the other man-of-war shows the white flag

HENRY FREEMAN'S CLOCK

Two Hundred Years Old

TOMBSTONES OF HENRY FREEMAN, 2nd, 1717-1784

and of the wife of Henry Freeman 3rd, who was the mother of Lieutenant Edgar Freeman, U. S. Navy. Presbyterian Churchyard, Woodbridge.

of surrender. Engraved on a brass plate attached to the face of the dial is the name "Moses Ogden," presumably the maker of this venerable time-piece, which has been passed down through seven generations of Henry Freeman's descendants.

Henry Freeman, 1717-1784, son of Judge Freeman, married Mary Read, whose brother, Rev. Israel Read, was graduated in the first class from Princeton College in 1748, with Richard Stockton, signer of the Declaration of Independence. Israel Read was the first regularly installed pastor of the Presbyterian church at Bound Brook; subsequently was in charge of the church at New Brunswick, and for over thirty years was a trustee of Princeton College.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF WOODBRIDGE, N. J.

Built by Joel Freeman in 1803. Replaced the first church erected in 1675. The original large shingles and hand-wrought nails may still be seen on the outer walls. During 240 years this congregation has worshipped in only the two structures.

The next in line, Israel Freeman, named for his uncle, Rev. Israel Read, was born in 1742, and became a soldier in the revolution. He married Louisa Miller and settled at Pray Hill, near Richfield Springs, N. Y. We have a graceful pair of sugar-tongs which belonged to the wife of Israel Freeman, marked with her initials, "L. M."

Israel Freeman's son, Joel Freeman, 1770-1835, in 1803 built the Presbyterian church still standing in Woodbridge. This was during the fifty-two-year pastorate of Rev. Azel Roe, the patriot preacher who was confined in the Sugar House prison in New York during the revolution.

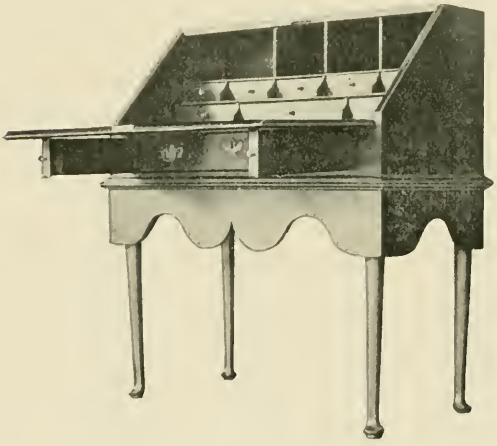
In the year 1800 Joel Freeman built the Freeman homestead, which also remains to this day. The adjoining home was that of the Harriott family, who then spelled the name Herriott, and whose tombstones likewise adjoin those of the Freeman family in the Presbyterian churchyard. The Harriotts are descendants of the family which gave Heriot's Hospital to Edinburgh in Scotland. Their ancestor was the brother of George Heriot, the philanthropic goldsmith of James I., a familiar character to all readers of Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel." This good man left no children, and in memory of his wife, Alison Primrose, of the family of the earls of Roseberry, founded the famous school for the free education and up-bringing of Edinburgh youth. In Walter Scott's time the fund had increased to the extent that it then provided for 130 boys annually. He declared that "George Heriot left the most magnificent proofs of his benevolence and charity that the capital of Scotland has to display."

April 2, 1801, Joel Freeman married Nancy McMinn, daughter of Alexander McMinn, who came from the Isle of Whithorn, in Scotland, in 1774. I have his inventory of the books which he brought with him to America, dated New York, July 20, 1774; also a few of the volumes listed and a statement written on parchment, dated October 20, 1750, and signed by the town clerk of Irvine, in Scotland, declaring that William McMind (father of Alexander McMinn), merchant of Montserrat, in the West Indies, was on that day "Admitted and received Burgess and Gild Brother of the said Burgh, and the whole privileges, Libertys and Immunitys thereof were Conferred upon him, in ample form, who gave his Oath of fidelity as the Custom is." Two years after his arrival in America Alexander McMinn was married to Rachel Campbell on May 5, 1776, by Rev. Azel Roe. She was the

daughter of Dugald Campbell, a revolutionary soldier and son of Neil Campbell, whose father, John Campbell, 1659-1731, lies under the oldest tombstone in the graveyard at Metuchen, N. J. John's father, John Campbell, was one of the earliest proprietors of East Jersey and a member of the Assembly in 1686. His daughter Ann married John Stevens, and from this union are descended the Stevens family of Castle Point, N. J. John Campbell came from Scotland not only to look after his own holdings, but also those of the Earl of Perth, for whom the town of Perth Amboy was named.

OLD FREEMAN FURNITURE.

When Rachel Campbell, the widow of Alexander McMinn, moved from the home of her brother, Neil Campbell, in Metuchen to live with her daughter, Nancy McMinn, the wife of Joel Freeman, in the house which he built in 1800, she brought with her two handsome mahogany chests of drawers with cupboards above. These have made only one other move since, of less than 20 miles, to our home in East Orange, where they are prized along with several other pieces of furniture with which Joel



JOEL FREEMAN'S WRITING DESK

Built by himself

Freeman and his wife set up housekeeping in their new home. These include a maple writing desk built by Joel Freeman himself, a plain mahogany parlor table with leaves, two round maple tables, one large and one small; seven painted rush-bottom chairs, two cane-seated chairs, three straight-backed chairs, a set of five spindle-backed chairs with three rocking chairs to match, the

Bust by ENID YANDELL, Sculptor

and reduced signature of Joel Francis Freeman, 1836-1810. A sketch of his life will be found in volume XV of the National Cyclopedia of American Biogrophy, pages 276 and 277.

brass andirons used in the parlor and the brass and steel andirons used in the big fireplace in the dining room. The mahogany table with elaborately carved legs belonged to Lieutenant Edgar Freeman, 1789-1871. His line of the family became extinct when his daughter, Gertrude Freeman, died in 1914. In her will she bequeathed to me her father's miniature and the tea service of Sheffield plate presented to him by his brother officers when he retired from the navy in 1828. A sketch of his life will be found on page 119. I make mention of these venerable household effects for the reason that I am now the only person living who knows the history of the old pieces. I wish the record of them preserved and I know of no better way to preserve it than to print it in this little volume.

FRANCES MARIA ABBEY

Widow of Joel Francis Freeman and donor of the Abbey Memorial. From the statuette by Enid Yandell, sculptor. The donor and all of her four children were born in the Western Reserve of Connecticut in Cleveland, Ohio.

Alexander Freeman, 1807-1839, son of Joel Freeman, married Hannah Maria Low, a member of the Dutch family on whose land Vassar College now stands, and a descendant of the Mott, Fort and Pell families. These were the parents of Joel Francis Freeman, 1836-1910, of East Orange, N. J., who married Frances Maria Abbey, daughter of Judge Seth Alden Abbey, and donor of the Abbey Memorial in Enfield.

Lieutenant Edgar Freeman, U. S. N.

Lieutenant Edgar Freeman, 1789-1871, son of Israel Freeman's youngest brother, Henry Freeman, 3d, had an eventful career. In 1811, when twenty-two, he entered the United States Navy as a midshipman. The same year he was assigned to the "Hornet," under command of the famous Captain Lawrence. The following year he was transferred to the "Nautilus," which was the first American man-of-war captured by the British in the war of 1812. After a long chase by a squadron of four

LIEUT. EDGAR FREEMAN, U. S. N.

Who received a vote of thanks from Congress for heroism in the shipwreck of the "Chippewa." From the miniature by Frank Potter.

frigates and a ship of the line, the "Nautilus" was taken on July 16, 1812. Midshipman Freeman was made a prisoner of war and taken with the others to Halifax, but all were soon exchanged. He was then ordered to join Commodore Chauncey at Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., with a draft of men. In passing through the Highlands of the Hudson the vessel was struck by a squall and capsized, all hands being thrown overboard except five in the

forecastle, who were drowned. The inquest was held in Newburgh, and young Freeman then proceeded to Sackett's Harbor with the balance of the draft. He took part in the capture of Little York (now Toronto), and was in other engagements on Lake Ontario until the end of the war.

Among his mates while a midshipman was a lad of distinguished Spanish ancestry, whose father, like Lafayette, had volunteered in the cause of American independence, and is said to have saved the life of Washington at the battle of Cowpens. The boy was twelve years younger than Midshipman Freeman, who used to write his letters home for him. This lad became the celebrated Admiral Farragut of the Civil War, of whom Joseph H. Choate said at the unveiling of his statue by St. Gaudens in Madison Square, New York, that "it was reserved for Farragut, as he was bearing down upon the death-dealing batteries of the rebels at Mobile, to hoist nothing less than himself into the rigging of his flagship, as the living signal of duty done, that the world might see that what England had only expected America had fully realized, and that every man, from the rear-admiral down, was faithful. Farragut learned from his cradle that the first and last duty of an American is to his country; that to live for her is honor, and to die for her is glory."

I have a manuscript of Lieutenant Freeman in which he narrates the chief events of his naval career. He particularly describes the cruise of the "Independence" in the Mediterranean after the war of 1812. At Genoa Commodore Bainbridge and the other officers entertained Lord Byron, who showed much gratification on finding many copies of his poems in the ship's cabin. At Malaga they were "most sumptuously entertained by our most worthy consul, Mr. Kirkpatrick, his amiable lady and two accomplished daughters, one of them now the mother of Eugenie, the present Empress of France." I have also his commission as lieutenant, received while master of the frigate "Congress." It is signed by President Monroe and dated March 5, 1817.

When the "Chippewa" was wrecked on a sunken rock in the Coycos Islands, in the Bahamas, in 1817, Lieutenant Freeman, in the darkness of night, safely landed all his crew on a desert island, three miles to the south. They were without food or water. Commodore Reed proposed that the lieutenant return for provisions, if he could get men to volunteer. He could get but five to go. They boarded the wreck in a fearful sea and secured sufficient

food and water to keep all alive until they were rescued and taken to Turk's Island. In this undertaking Lieutenant Freeman was so severely injured that he had to remain for three months with the governor of the island before he was sufficiently recovered to be removed. For the injuries received and meritorious conduct he received a vote of thanks from Congress and a pension for life.

His next service was on the "Saranac," sent to break up the slave trade. Seven slavers were captured. After this the "Saranac" touched at Fernandina, then a piratical rendezvous, captured the fort with the assistance of Colonel Bankhard's troops from Point Piter, up the St. Mary's river, and left the colonel in charge. After a cruise of eighteen months the "Saranac" returned to New York, and Lieutenant Freeman was assigned to duty under Commodore Deacon on Lake Erie. While in charge of the navy yard at Erie he and his fellow officers entertained Commodore Perry and General Lafayette.

Edgar Freeman retired from the navy in 1828 and returned to his birthplace, Woodbridge, N. J., and for three successive terms of five years each was appointed county judge of Middlesex county. I was invited to represent his service in the war of 1812 in the Veteran Corps of Artillery, which is the oldest military organization in New York State, with a membership based on the services of ancestors like the Society of the Cincinnati.

A NOTE OF EXPLANATION.

To the casual reader the multitude of dates and minor details included in this pamphlet may appear trivial and tiresome; some may think the Enfield Memorial overladen with inscriptions. On the memorial have been recorded as many material facts as possible of local and family history; in the pamphlet I have endeavored once and for all to gather in permanent form for the benefit of the families mentioned in the inscriptions and for their descendants such additional facts of their ancestry as I have been able to collect during my lifetime.

Connecticut's Western Reserve in Ohio

Personal Recollections of Cleveland Celebrities

A remarkable group of men and women lived in the neighborhood of my childhood home in Cleveland, Ohio. Two doors above us in Prospect street lived the parents of Mark Hanna, in a house shaded by two huge horsechestnut trees typical of the Buckeye State. Next door, on the other side, lived Mr. Bragg, who was a school principal and later became the head of the school-book trust in Cincinnati. Later the same house was occupied by the head of the Cleveland public library and his son, William H. Beardsley, now president of the Florida East Coast Railway Company, the great Flagler system built over the Florida Keys. Around the corner in Cheshire street lived William A. Rockefeller and his sons, John D. and William Rockefeller.

One block away, in Euclid avenue, lived U. S. Senator Henry B. Payne, whose wife was a daughter of Nathan Perry, a pioneer settler of Cleveland. Next to the Payne house is the Perry homestead, a charming old house, with some of the original wallpaper still carefully preserved on its walls. In my boyhood days the wide fields adjoining were known as Perry's pasture and were the favorite playground of the boys of the neighborhood. Later the famous mayor of Cleveland, Tom Johnson, lived in a house built on a part of this pasture lot. Senator Payne's son, Colonel Oliver Hazard Payne, served with distinction in the civil war, and was later treasurer of the Standard Oil Company, in which office my father was his successor. My father afterward became treasurer of the Standard Oil Trust, which was devised by S. C. T. Dodd, known as "The Father of Trusts," who was a very successful lawyer and witty after-dinner speaker. When, in 1889, my father retired from the treasurership of the trust to become chairman of the board of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, he was succeeded by William T. Wardwell, at one time the Prohibition candidate for President of the United States. Senator Payne's daughter, Flora Payne, married William C. Whitney, secretary of the navy under President Cleveland, and became the social leader of that administration.

Not far from the home of Senator Payne lived Colonel John Hay, who had been private secretary to President Lincoln, was later ambassador to England, and finally secretary of state,

negotiating the "open door" policy with China. He was credited in Cleveland with the authorship of the popular novel, "Bread Winners," published anonymously, with the scene obviously laid in the vicinity of Colonel Hay's home. In his keen instinct for character he was a diviner of men, their greatness and meanness, and scented a villain afar off, no matter how highly placed. For Napoleon III. he conceived an instant disgust, but his supreme aversion was the present German Kaiser. In 1900 he wrote to his closest friend: "At least we are spared the infamy of an alliance with Germany. I would rather, I think, be the dupe of China than the chum of the Kaiser."

Next door to John Hay lived his father-in-law, Amasa Stone, who caused the removal of the Western Reserve University from Hudson to Cleveland, and endowed and named its classical department Adelbert College, in memory of his son, for whom Colonel Hay's son, Adelbert Hay, was also named. Although the Case School of Applied Science, established by my uncle, Henry G. Abbey, as sole trustee of the late Leonard Case, has no legal connection with Western Reserve University, it is practically the scientific department of the university, just as Adelbert College is the classical department.

The eldest daughter of Seth Alden Abbey was Hannah Ward Abbey, who, in 1848, married John Ingersoll, member of a pioneer family of the Western Reserve in Ohio. In May, 1850, he went by way of the Isthmus to California, where he met his brother-in-law, Henry Gilbert Abbey, who had preceded him in the rush of 1849. I remember my uncle's mother very well. She was Polly Perry, of the town of Lee, in Massachusetts, and married Nathan Ingersoll, January 17, 1812. They soon migrated to Ohio, going by way of Albany and the Mohawk Valley. The bride rode horseback most of the journey, which lasted six weeks.

Polly Perry Ingersoll had a keen intellect and active mind. She lived to be ninety, and I have heard her tell how, one afternoon in September, when they had been settled for about a year on their farm on the heights above Cleveland, they heard continuous thunder under a cloudless sky, which later proved to be the heavy cannonading of the battle of Lake Erie, in which her kinsman, Oliver Hazard Perry, won his famous victory.

Near neighbors of the Hay and Stone families were the Boardman family, of which Miss Mabel T. Boardman is now the

head of the American Red Cross Society. One of my mother's schoolmates in Cleveland was Constance Fenimore Woolson, the novelist and great-niece of James Fenimore Cooper. While attending the Cleveland high school I remember that Professor Hotze, the teacher of physics, never tired of telling us about his favorite pupil, Charles F. Brush, who, while still a student, was so proficient that the professor placed him in charge of the chemical and physical laboratory of the high school. Mr. Brush built himself a fine home in Euclid avenue.

When John Hay retired as ambassador to Great Britain the embassy continued to be presided over by a Cleveland woman, for the wife of Joseph H. Choate is the daughter of Frederick A. Sterling and the sister of Dr. Elisha Sterling. Dr. Sterling was one of the Case "Arkites" and lives on the "Nabob," or north side of Euclid avenue. The south side, with its more modest homes and less extensive lawns, was called the "Bob" side in the days of my boyhood. A Cleveland boy who lived in Prospect street, on the block above our home, went to West Point, and is now General Clarence R. Edwards, and in command of the troops stationed on the Panama Canal. I also vividly recall a little girl in our Sunday school at the Second Presbyterian church. She had black eyes and very blonde hair, and her beauty later caused a furore in Europe. Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, described her as "the girl with the gipsy eyes and angel hair." This was Jennie Chamberlain, now Lady Naylor-Leland, in whose house in London Whistler painted his famous "Peacock Room."

A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent it!

ROBERT BURNS.

NOTE

The reader has doubtless noted the quotations which make a considerable part of this little volume. They form quite a complete collection of the oratory and eloquence which have inspired our national life from pre-revolutionary times down to the present day.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

In concluding I should be guilty of injustice if I did not acknowledge my debt to that most painstaking, reliable and untiring of genealogists, Mr. James Allen Kibbe, of Warehouse Point, Connecticut, the compiler of "The History of Enfield," whose help has guided my researches into their most interesting, remote and, to me, valuable discoveries.

I wish to express my appreciation of the very practical and efficient assistance of Mr. Allen B. Hathaway, chairman of the First Ecclesiastical Society of Enfield, and the courtesy and helpfulness of the Selectmen of the town of Enfield; also my indebtedness to Mr. Normand F. Allen, of Hartford; to Mr. Franklin J. Sheldon, of Enfield, and to Mrs. William A. Abbe, president of the Historical Society of Enfield, all of whom have been helpful and sympathetic.

Nor can I close without a word of appreciation to Mr. William M. Kendall for the beautiful classical design of the seats, which was his conception; to Mr. Ernest F. Lewis for his patient study and artistic execution of the drawings, especially those for the seals; in fact, to all connected with the firm of McKim, Mead & White, especially mentioning Mr. Leland S. Sudlow, the general superintendent, and Mr. John Vegezzi, the draughtsman who designed the lettering; to Donnelly & Ricci, who modeled the pedestal, seats and seals, and to Mr. Ulysses Ricci, the sculptor of the seals; to Mr. V. David Newman, of Romulus, N. Y., to whom I am indebted for many of the photographs which illustrate this pamphlet, including those of the twenty seals; and to Mr. Edwin Shuttleworth, who contracted for all the marble and other material and has executed the work with efficiency and dispatch. The marble used is from the Ross quarry in Tennessee, being the same stone as that used in the Morgan library in New York. Mr. Fry's noble figure of Captain Abbey needs no encomium from me. It speaks for itself in beauty, dignity and strength.

I do not wish the Abbey Memorial to share the fate of the Perry Monument in my native city of Cleveland. The beautiful white marble statue of Commodore Perry, with its supporting figures of sailor boys, was originally erected in the middle of the Public Square. On the introduction of electric lighting the Perry Monument was moved to the centre of one of the quarter sections

of the square to make place for a gigantic pole. Later, the second location was sought for a memorial to the women of the Civil War, and Commodore Perry was again moved, this time to a suburban park on the lake shore. I consulted my long-time friend, Hon. Julian A. Gregory, Mayor of East Orange, 1911-1915, as to preventing similar migrations on the part of the statue of Captain Abbey. Mr. Gregory made an exhaustive search of the statutes of the State of Connecticut, in which is his summer home at Wilton in Fairfield County. The result of his labors was that, at a town meeting held in the venerable building* around whose walls Thomas Abbey beat his drum, it was unanimously voted by the people of Enfield on November 11, 1915, to give for the Abbey Memorial in perpetuity the site on Enfield Green, where the present town hall stood when it was Enfield's meeting house.

Julian Arthur Gregory is the man who for years fought and exposed the Democratic boss of New Jersey, United States Senator James Smith, and by so doing prepared the way for his final overthrow by Woodrow Wilson when Governor of New Jersey. He is the only Democrat who was ever elected Mayor of East Orange, normally a Republican stronghold. He gave such an absolutely non-partisan and just administration of the city's affairs that 100 members of the Republican Club of East Orange united in a petition to this Democrat to stand for a second term and he was re-elected by an overwhelming majority. With great generosity Mr. Gregory donated his legal services in securing the site of the Abbey Memorial.

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* An error. This town meeting was held in the Thompsonville section of Enfield. Mr. Hathaway tells me that for some years the old town hall has been abandoned for town meetings on account of its distance from the present center of population. I indulge the hope that the citizens of Enfield will unite to preserve this historic building as a memorial of olden times.

Mr. T. W. Miller, who is superintending the erection of the memorial, writes that in excavating for the foundation a circular brownstone wall was uncovered. Mr. J. Warren Johnson tells me that this was the well of the Town Pump, which stood a few feet north of the old meeting house. It seems clear, therefore, that the memorial is located quite close to the site of the church around which Captain Abbey beat the drum.

Certified Copy of Grant of the Site for the Abbey Memorial by the People of Enfield

The following is a certified copy of action taken at the Town Meeting November 11th, 1915, in connection with Article No. 1 in the warning:

Art. 1. The following letter and resolution was presented by Allen B. Hathaway and William J. Mulligan moved its adoption:

Letter:

September 24th, 1915.

Honorable Selectmen,
Enfield, Conn.

Gentlemen:

As you are undoubtedly aware, I am desirous of erecting a monument to Capt. Thomas Abbey, a hero of the Revolutionary War, and in connection with it a memorial to his ancestors and descendants, and of giving this monument and memorial, upon its completion, to the town of Enfield. I have had plans and specificationus drawn, and am now preparing to sign the contracts for the completion of this work. Before signing the contracts, calling for an expenditure of several thousand dollars, I should like to be protected to the extent of knowing that the monument will be acceptable to the citizens of Enfield, and that the work may proceed to completion without interruption.

I am advised that the only safe course for me to pursue is to obtain permission to erect the monument, and the acceptance of my offer by action taken at a Town meeting. After consultation with a number of prominent citizens of Enfield, the site recommended to me is upon the green, directly in front of the Congregational Church, and half way between the highway and the entrance to the Church.

It is my further intention to give to the Congregational Church of Enfield, a sum of money sufficient to have the income therefrom maintain, in good condition and repair, the monument and memorial, together with the ground immediately surrounding it.

It will require, I am informed, about fourteen months from the signing of the contract, for the sculptor to complete the monument. I am therefore desirous of ascertaining whether, if

my plan is agreeable to you, a town meeting can be called, at which action may be taken approving of my offer, and authorizing the erection and maintenance in perpetuity, of the statue and memorial as proposed.

Very respectfuly yours,
ALDEN FREEMAN.

In presence of
Vern D. Newman
witness.

Resolution:

WHEREAS, Mr. Alden Freeman of the City of East Orange, in the State of New Jersey, has offered to give to the Town of Enfield, a statue of Captain Thomas Abbey, a former resident of said Town, together with a base therefor, and to construct said base and erect said statue thereon within the highway limits upon the east side of the travelled path immediately in front of the building of the First Ecclesiastical Society on Enfield Street, all without expense to the town, and to give said First Ecclesiastical Society a sum of money to be held as a permanent fund, the income thereof to be applied to the care and maintenance of said statue and base, which offer is set forth in a letter from said Alden Freeman, dated September 24, 1915, and addressed to the Selectmen of the Town, which letter has this day been read to the voters of the Town in Town meeting duly assembled; and

WHEREAS, Said First Ecclesiastical Society, acting by its Society's Committee, thereunto duly authorized, has formally consented to the location of said statue as hereinbefore described, and to hold and invest said fund and use the income thereof for the purposes stated; and

WHEREAS, A plan of said proposed statue and its base has been submitted to the voters of the Town at said Town meeting;

NOW, THEREFORE, It is voted that said offer be, and the same hereby is accepted, and that upon the completion of said statue, the First Selectman of the Town be authorized to accept the same in the name of, and on behalf of the citizens of the Town; and that the said Alden Freeman, and his representatives, agents and contractors be, and they hereby are authorized to proceed with the erection of said statue, together with the base or pedestal and seats or benches surrounding the same, within the highway limits, upon the east side of the travelled path, immediately in

AT WORK ON THE ABBEY MEMORIAL

In the yard of the Edwin Shuttleworth Co., Long Island City, N. Y.

front of the building of the First Ecclesiastical Society, on Enfield Street; and to perform all the work necessary to be done in connection with the erection and completion thereof, without any let, hindrance, obstruction or delay on the part of the citizens and voters of the town of Enfield, or their representatives; and that said statue when completed, shall not be destroyed or removed, but shall always remain upon the site upon which it is erected, and so long as it is maintained, repaired and kept in good condition.

Being put to vote, Resolution was Adopted.

Attest: A true copy of record.

J. HAMILTON POTTER,
Town Clerk.

WHAT HAS AMERICA DONE FOR MANKIND?

America, with the same voice which spoke herself into existence as a nation, proclaimed to mankind the inextinguishable rights of human nature, and the only lawful foundations of government. America, in the assembly of nations, since her admission among them, has invariably, though often fruitlessly, held forth to them the hand of honest friendship, of equal freedom, of generous reciprocity. She has uniformly spoken among them, though often to heedless and often to disdainful ears, the language of equal liberty, equal justice and equal rights. She has, in the lapse of nearly half a century, without a single exception, respected the independence of other nations, while asserting and maintaining her own. She has abstained from interference in the concerns of others, even when the conflict has been for principles to which she clings as to the last vital drop that visits the heart. She has seen that probably for centuries to come all the contests of that Aceldama, the European world, will be contests between inveterate power and emerging right. Wherever the standard of freedom and independence has been or shall be unfurled, there will her heart, her benedictions and her prayers be. But she goes not abroad in search of monsters to destroy. She is the well-wisher to the freedom and independence of all. She is the champion and vindicator only of her own. She well knows that by once enlisting under other banners than her own, were they even the banners of foreign independence, the fundamental maxims of her policy would insensibly change from liberty to force. She might become the dictatress of the world; she would no longer be the ruler of her own spirit.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, JULY 4, 1821.

THE DRUM OF LEXINGTON.

(Reflections for Patriots' Day.)

But yesterday I saw the historic drum
Which William Dimon beat
Upon that fateful far-off April morn
Along each winding street,
And on the memorable Green of Lexington,
Bidding the patriots come
And face the banded hosts of tyranny.
At the reveille was a nation born,
Pledged to the sacred rights of Liberty.

Now, 'neath the rays of the same vernal sun.
Peace broods about the Green,
But it remembers yet,
Girdled with stately elms memorial,
The hurtle of the deadly musket ball,
And how its sod was wet
With sacrificial blood—the whole sad, ruthless scene.

Would that the drum of Lexington again
Might sound its summoning call,
Sound from the rocky coasts of Maine,
Where Agimenticus, inland, fronts the seas
To where the long trades sweep and swell and fall
Round the Floridian keys!
Aye, sound from Puget, on which Shasta's crown
Majestically looks down,
E'en to the borders of that stricken land
Beyond the brown coils of the Rio Grande!

Have we grown sleek with sloth?
Sloughed the old virile spirit, taken on
Abasement for a garment? Are we loth
To rouse us, and to don
The rapt heroic valor once again
That girdled us when men indeed were men?
Caution and doubt and fear seem subtly crept
Upon us, and inept,
We stumble, falter, palter, and we need
Not the smooth word, but the swift searching deed.
If bleed we must, then rather let us bleed
Than sit inglorious, rich in all the things
Save those which honor brings!

Now every slope of our dear land is fair
Beneath the azure of the April air;
The impatient loam is ready for the seed,
But we? Take heed, take heed,
My brothers! And O you, brave wraith
Of dauntlessness and faith,
You, William Dimon, come!
Come, sound the old reveille on your drum,
The drum of Lexington,
And make us all, in steadfast purpose, one!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

New York Sun, April 19, 1916.

AMERICA'S DEBT TO THE MEMORY OF WASHINGTON AND HIS ASSOCIATES.

Americans, this God who raised up Washington and gave you liberty exacts from you the duty of cherishing it with a zeal according to knowledge. Never sully by apathy or outrage your fair inheritance. Risk not for one moment on visionary theories the solid blessings of your lot. To you particularly, O youth of America, applies the solemn charge. In all the perils of your country, remember Washington. The freedom of reason and of right has been handed down to you on the point of the

THE MATTHEW G. ANDERSON HOUSE

In Enfield Street

Washington passed a night in this house, which was built in 1708.

hero's sword. Guard with veneration the sacred deposit. The curse of ages will rest upon you, O youth of America, if ever you surrender to foreign ambition or domestic lawlessness the precious liberties for which Washington fought and your fathers bled. I cannot part with you, fellow citizens, without urging the long remembrance of our present assembly. This day we wipe away the reproach of republics, that they know not how to be grateful. In your treatment of living patriots recall your love and your regret of Washington.—John Mitchell Mason's funeral oration on Washington, February 22, 1800.

WHAT AMERICA STANDS FOR.

[Words of President Wilson on His Preparedness Tour.]

America was born into the world to do mankind's service, and no man is an American in whom the desire to do mankind's service does not take precedence over the desire to serve himself. If I believed that the might of America was any threat to any free man in the world I would wish America to be weak. But I believe that the might of America is the might of righteous purpose and of a sincere love of mankind.—Pittsburg, January 28, 1916.

Did you ever stop to reflect just what it is that America stands for? If she stands for one thing more than another it is for the sovereignty of self-governing people, and her example, her assistance, her encouragement, have thrilled two continents in this western world with all those fine impulses which have built up human liberty on both sides of the water. She stands, therefore, as an example of independence, as an example of free institutions, and as an example of disinterested international action in the main tenets of justice.—Pittsburg, January 28, 1916.

Why is it that each nation turns to us with the instinctive feeling that if anything touches humanity it touches us? Because it knows that ever since we were born as a nation we have undertaken to be the champions of humanity and of the rights of man. Without that ideal there would be nothing that would distinguish America from her predecessors in the history of nations. Why is it that men that love liberty have crowded to these shores? Why is it that we greet them as they enter the great harbor of New York with that majestic Statue of Liberty holding up a torch, whose visionary beams are supposed to spread abroad over the waters of the world, and to say to all men: "Come to America, where mankind is free and where we love all the works of righteousness and of peace"?—Cleveland, January 29, 1916.

Lincoln on Free Speech

I FEAR YOU DO NOT FULLY COMPREHEND THE DANGER OF ABRIDGING THE LIBERTIES OF THE PEOPLE. A GOVERNMENT HAD BETTER GO TO THE VERY EXTREME OF TOLERATION THAN TO DO AUGHT THAT COULD BE CONSTRUED INTO AN INTERFERENCE WITH OR TO JEOPARDIZE IN ANY DEGREE THE COMMON RIGHTS OF THE CITIZEN.

This was President Lincoln's answer to the friends who besought him to suppress the Chicago Times during the Civil War.

DEDICATION

OF THE

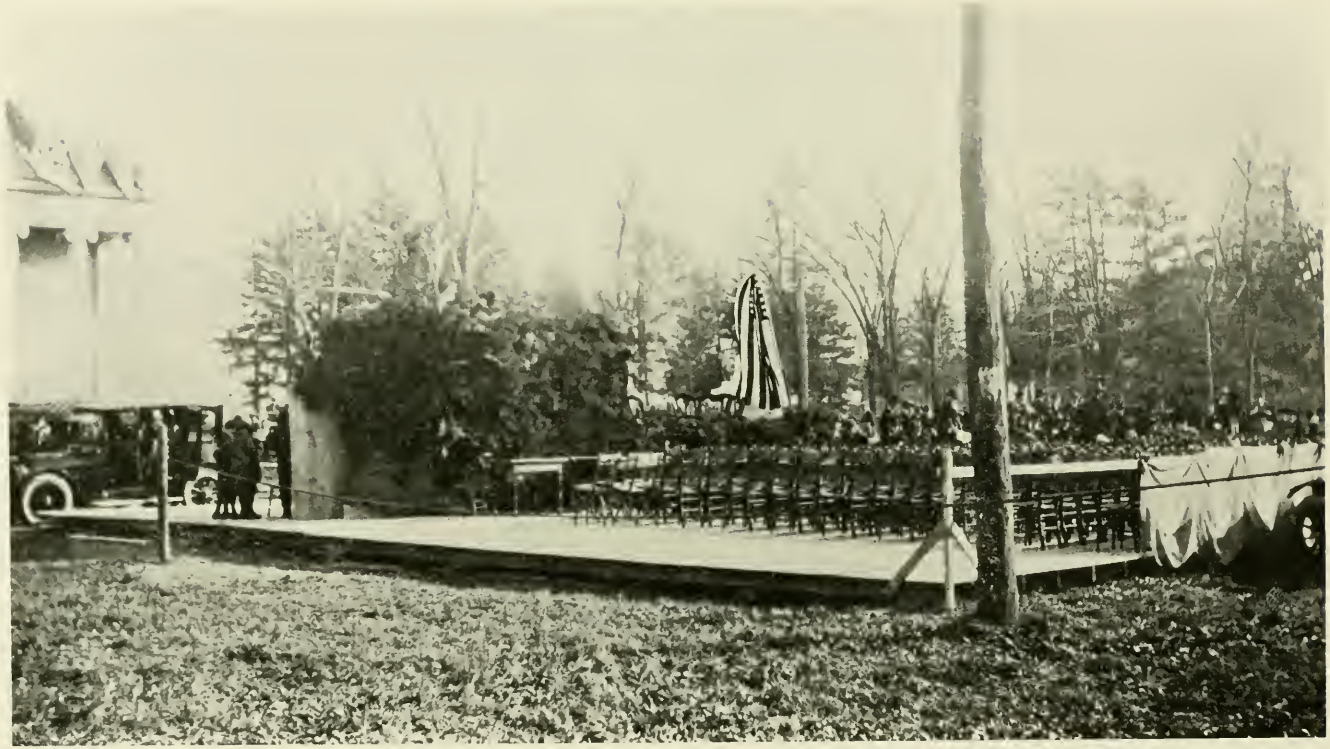
ABBEY MEMORIAL

ON

ENFIELD GREEN

Saturday Afternoon, November 4, 1916

AT TWO O'CLOCK



Every detail admirably arranged by the Chairman, Mr. Hathaway. Platform with 700 chairs. Speakers' stand decorated with hemlock boughs and yellow chrysanthemums. Statue draped with flags. We owe this picture and those taken from the belfry to the courtesy of Wm. Bradbury Abbey, of Newark, N. J.

THE ENFIELD COMMITTEES.

ALLEN B. HATHAWAY, *Chairman*

SELECTMEN OF ENFIELD.

ALBERT J. EPSTEIN — ROBERT HAWTHORNE

JOHN SAVAGE

J. HAMILTON POTTER, *Town Clerk*

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF ENFIELD.

J. WARREN JOHNSON — DEACON HERBERT E. VAIL

DEACON HARLAN P. PARSONS — MRS. FRANK H. ABBE

DEACON ROBERT F. KING — MRS. WILLIAM K. HENRY

MRS. DAVID C. REID

THOMPSONVILLE COMMITTEE.

LYMAN A. UPSON — ARTHUR R. LEETE

ALVIN D. HIGGINS — WILLIAM CALDERWOOD

SENATOR THOMAS G. ALCORN — WILLIAM J. HUGHES

WILLIAM H. LEETE — W. J. LIBERTY

HAZARDVILLE COMMITTEE.

ANDREW GORDON — H. STEPHEN BRIDGE

GEORGE J. GORDON — FRANCIS P. LEARY

JACOB THORNE

WALLUP AND WEYMOUTH.

LEVI P. ABBE — SETH PHELPS

THE SHAKERS.

ELDER SHEPPERD

KING STREET.

JAMES D. PRICE — CHARLES T. ABBE

HARRY E. ALLEN

DECORATION COMMITTEE.

NORMAND F. ALLEN — WILL SEXTON

WILLIAM A. ABBE — WILL ALLEN

THE PRESS.

WILLIAM J. HUGHES — HARVEY BRAINARD

AUTOMOBILE PARKING AND TRAFFIC.

ERNEST W. WOODWARD — W. J. CONNORS

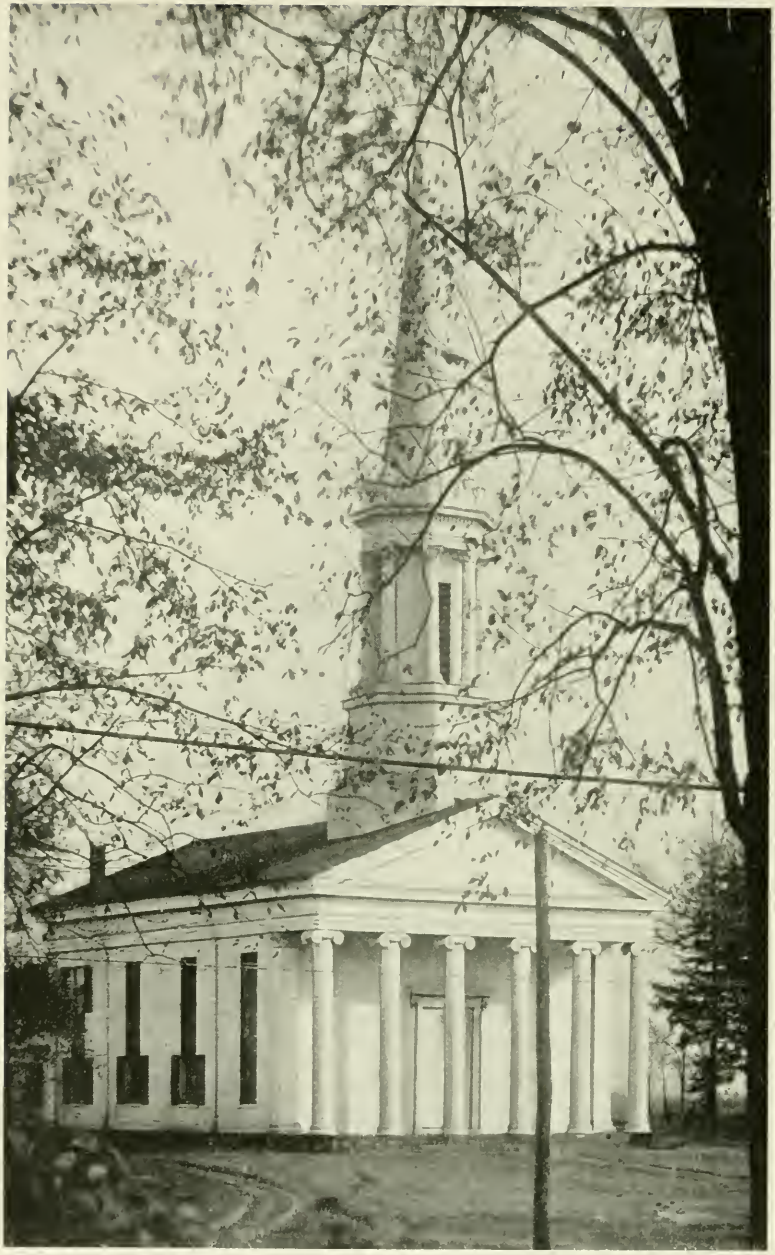
ALBERT F. BAKER — P. J. ROGERS

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

MRS. NORMAND F. ALLEN — MRS. ALLEN B. HATHAWAY

OLD TOWN HALL COMMITTEE.

MAJOR FRANKLIN J. SHELDON — ERNEST W. WOODWARD



ENFIELD CHURCH

Photographed by de Witt C. Ward

USHERS AT ENFIELD CHURCH.

Warren B. Johnson	Rollin F. Parsons
Leroy L. Day	Charles C. Chapin
Harry E. Allen	Edward Kingsbury

RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

James Allen Kibbe	R. Ensign Abbe
Normand F. Allen	William A. Abbe
Frank H. Abbe	George T. Mathewson
Levi P. Abbe	Harry S. Woodward

INVOCATION.

By Rev. David C. Reid, Pastor of the First Congregational Church of Enfield.

"Almighty God, Father of all mercies, we, Thine unworthy servants, do give Thee most humble and hearty thanks for all Thy goodness and loving kindness to us and to all men. We bless Thee for our creation, preservation and all the blessings of life, but above all for Thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. And we beseech Thee give us that due sense of all Thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we may show forth Thy praise not only with our lips, but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to Thy service and by walking before Thee in righteousness and holiness all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with Thee and the Holy Spirit, be all honor and glory, world without end. Amen."

And we thank Thee, Almighty God, Father of all nations, that Thou didst early plant the tree of liberty in this land of ours, and didst cause it to grow and become strong and spread its branches abroad to bear fruit for the healing of all nations. We thank Thee that in all the course and struggles of this nation's history, Thou hast been our Leader; and that when our republic was in the throes of national birth, and when the minds of men were uncertain and their hearts filled with fear; when they knew not which side to take, or which way to go, then Thou didst cause the people to fix their eyes on the star of liberty, union and democracy, and led by that star, to find the land of a free, a united and an enlightened people.

For these and other national blessings we render Thee hearty thanks through Jesus Christ our Lord.

And Heavenly Father, thou God of the patriots, as we proceed in the ceremonies of this hour, as we unveil this monument placed here to commemorate the deeds of one of our ancestors who helped here and elsewhere to give this nation a birth in liberty; as we contemplate the names of his descendants, who have distinguished themselves by important services, we thank Thee not only for the patriotism of the father and the mother of revolutionary times, but also that the patriotism and the virtues of the father and the mother have descended to their sons and daughters even unto the third and the fourth generations; and have been fruitful in the many parts of this land wherever providence has led them to make their home.

And we thank Thee for all the patriots of all that early time, and for all their descendants who have labored to make this a land of liberty and light and of united effort for the highest welfare of all the people.

And Thou who art the God of the present and of the future years, as we recall the patriotism of past generations, we offer a humble petition for ourselves and for the years to come. Grant, oh God, that we may emulate the patriotism and the virtues of our ancestors; grant that we may be able still to keep our eyes fixed upon the star that guided our fathers,—the star of liberty and union, which are still "one and inseparable, now and forever."

And do Thou give us the vision of true citizens and true statesmen, that we may be able to see the agents that work for liberty and union and see also those that do not. And grant that we may be able ever to choose and cherish the one as we would the joys of heaven, and shun and oppose the other as we would the woes of hell.

And we pray for all nations of the earth. And as our original thirteen colonies, by following the star of liberty and union, grew into a united, mighty people with peace established within their borders, so may all nations of the earth learn together to follow that same star of hope. And grant that they may follow that star until they shall arrive at true international liberty, with a true international union in a League of Peace embracing all nations of the earth, which shall work together for the common international good.

And so may the words spoken by prophets of old be fulfilled, when the whole earth shall be filled with prosperity and gladness and the desert places shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

And to this end, oh Thou Father of love, bring us all, as individuals, communities and nations, under the dominion of the law of Christ, which is the law of love. Give us then that love which will do no wrong to one's neighbor, which will unite all hearts and all nations as one and will bring in everywhere "peace on earth and good will among men." Amen.

SOLO—"AMERICA."

By Mme. Florence Mulford of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York, accompanied by Gerald Maas on the 'Cello.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

By J. Warren Johnson, Esq., of Enfield.

It is doubted by some that the news of the battle of Lexington could have reached Enfield on Thursday afternoon, April 20, 1775. On Wednesday, April 19, 1775, the first blood of the American Revolution was shed at Lexington, Mass. The news reached Enfield on the afternoon of April 20, 1775. Isaac Kibbe kept the tavern near the church, and as soon as the messenger arrived, Kibbe procured a drum and Thomas Abbe beat the long roll about the church. It was then the custom, which was kept up until within the memory of the speaker, that all the churches held mid-week meetings at the church on Thursday afternoon of each week, in which a lecture was given by the pastor. The meeting being held on Thursday afternoon, April 20, 1775, was broken up by Thomas Abbe's drumming, and without the usual decorum the congregation rushed out to learn the cause of the uproar. They dispersed to their homes and that night every person in Enfield knew about the fight at Lexington. The next morning seventy-five of the Minute Men of Enfield marched for Boston, each with his flint-lock musket and powder horn. Not all of the seventy-five reached Boston, but Thomas Abbe did.

We have all their names, and I will call "The Long Roll" of the Minute Men of Enfield on April 20, 1775:

Nathaniel Terry, Major
Richard Abbe, Lieutenant
John Simons, Captain
Joseph Booth, Ensign

SERGEANTS

Samuel Jones
Jonathan Bush
Daniel Kingsbury
Barzilia Markham

CORPORALS

David Chandler
Eliphalet Killam
Elihu Geer
John Simons, 2nd

Privates

Nathaniel Chandler
Samuel Pease
Thomas Hale
Jacob Terry, Jr.
John Pease, 2nd
Samuel Hale
James Green
Seth Hall
Peter Pero
Thomas Abbe
Jabez Parsons
Daniel Prior
John Abbe
Joseph Gleason
Isaac Pease
Oliver Bush
Moses Bush
Moses Warner
Edmund Bement
John McLester
Nathan Markham
Daniel Burbank
Hezekiah Parsons
Samuel Hemingway
John Chandler
Benjamin Herrington
Thomas Pease
Solomon Gaines
Richard Fairman
John Crosby
Levi French
John Parsons
Eliphalet Collins
Josiah Blakesley
Asahel Parsons
Aaron Pease, Jr.
Ebenezer M. Gregory
David Phelps, Jr.
Asa Meacham
Isaac Markham
Shadrach Terry
Christopher Marshall
Samuel Kingsbury
Henry Booth
Benajah Griswold
Nathaniel Lamb
Aaron Waters
Zebulun Pease
Titus Fairman
Ambrose Markham
Jacob Fairman
Jonathan Allen
John Hall
John Morrison
Jacob Shepard
Ebenezer Parsons
Peter Parsons
Gideon Pease
Abram Whipple
James Pease
Peter Reynolds
Daniel Terry
Hezekiah Parsons

Some of the above named never reached Boston. The Red Coats having retreated, many of them returned home. Hezekiah Parsons, Captain and Thomas Abbe and Barzilia Markham, Lieutenants, and thirty-two others marched on and remained in the vicinity of Boston until winter.

We have also the names of fourteen Enfield men who lost their lives in the Revolutionary War:

Freegrace Billings
Lieutenant Noah Phelps

Edward Collins	Levi Terry
John Allen	Oliver Pease
Jedediah Meacham	Joseph Hall
Benjamin Gains	Nathaniel Pease
Isaac French	George Pease
Oliver Parsons	—— Farnum

Both of these lists were compiled by my father, Aholiab Johnson, for the Centennial Exercises, held in Enfield on July 4, 1876. Both he and I were speakers on that occasion and the lists were printed in an Historical Sketch of the Town of Enfield prepared by him. Mr. Freeman says that my father's enthusiasm inspired Benjamin Taylor to write "The Captain's Drum," and that except for Aholiab Johnson's efforts to keep the tradition alive, Mr. Taylor's inspiring poem would never have been written, nor would this noble statue have been erected.

For a long time previous to the Lexington fight the people of America had expected such a clash, in fact longed for it, and were prepared for it. Every town within a hundred miles of Boston had its Minute Men ready with arms and ammunition to start at once, and every town had its horse and rider ready to carry the news to the next town. Ten miles an hour could easily be made by a galloping horse, and Enfield could have been reached within twenty-four hours.

Hezekiah Sheldon, who did much work many years ago for the preservation of Suffield's local history, says in his little book that the Suffield Minute Men marched to Springfield on the evening of April 20th, and spent the night in Springfield and were there entertained by the town of Springfield, and an account of it made on the treasurer's book, which fixes the date.

Surely a messenger may have arrived in Enfield on that Thursday afternoon as quickly as he could have arrived in Suffield, and so Thomas Abbe may have beaten his drum about the church that afternoon. But, alas, there is no record proof of the fact of the beating of the drum on that afternoon, and the story rests wholly upon tradition. Mr. Freeman tells me that Rev. Benjamin F. Taylor, the writer of the beautiful poem, credited Aholiab Johnson, my father, with the information about the beating of the drum by Captain Abbe, on which the famous poem first published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in May, 1878, was founded. Aholiab Johnson, as a lawyer, settled in Enfield in 1840 and died in 1893 at the age of 94 years. For

many years he was town clerk of the town and judge of the Probate Court for the District of Enfield, and probably knew every man in town, and doubtless talked with many persons who heard the drumming, and thus got the facts which he related at first hand. Besides this, the notable story has been a tradition on the tongues of all the older people of the town for several generations past. No event founded on tradition relating to the history of Enfield has a better foundation. We have as good a right to believe this story as we have to believe many a story spread on the records in writing. A man can tell a lie with his pen nearly as easily as he can with his tongue, provided he can write. Let us believe this story to be true—let the cavillers say what they will.

If Thomas Abbe had been in the church attending to Rev. Elam Potter's lecture, where the pastor and deacons doubtless thought he ought to have been, this beautiful statue would never have been erected, and Taylor's poem would never have been written and published in the *Atlantic*. And there are those who claim that the story has no great significance. It was but the beating of an old drum about a new church 141 years ago!

It is the boast of the British nation that the drum-beat and the roaring of its guns, on land and sea, saluting their colors as they are raised at sunrise and lowered at sunset, never cease; that the sound is continuous, twice daily encircling the globe. Captain Abbe's drum may have turned to dust, and his good sword turned to rust, but the story of this drumming makes luminous events in the history of our country, that is, the doings of the Minute Men of the Revolutionary War.

The whole country had been for a long time in a ferment and many rebellious acts had been committed. The ministers of the churches throughout the country were foremost in instigating opposition to the British rule. The ministers in those days were men of education and ability and exercised a tremendous influence with all the people. There were but few Tories among the ministers of the Gospel. The high ideals afterward embodied in the Declaration of Independence and in the Constitution were the outgrowth of the teaching of the ministers of several generations of Americans.

The beat of the drums and the roar of the guns saluting twice daily the British colors the whole world round boastingly signifies the power of the mighty British nation. The beating

of Thomas Abbe's drum symbolizes the spirit of freedom back of it which permeated every town, every hamlet of America and made possible America's freedom and has proved to the world that men with education and character can govern themselves and without kings, emperors or lords, and that the eight years' struggle, begun the day before Thomas Abbe beat the drum about the church at Enfield and ending at Yorktown, proved to the world for all generations to come that nations can be free if they will.

We cannot thank Mr. Alden Freeman of East Orange, New Jersey, too much for his generosity and patriotism in erecting the beautiful statue commemorating a notable event in the history of Enfield.

RECITATION—"THE CAPTAIN'S DRUM."

By Miss Mae E. McKeever, of East Orange, New Jersey, with great dramatic effect, in a musical voice of wide range and rich quality.

REMARKS BY THE CHAIRMAN, MR. ALLEN B. HATHAWAY.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Invited Guests, Fellow Citizens:

Enfield is witnessing to-day an event in its history quite as unique as the episode of the captain's drum, for seldom has the Town of Enfield been asked to accept any gift other than an increase in the town's debts.

We are gathered here this afternoon to view the unveiling of this beautiful memorial and to accept it as a free gift from Mrs. Joel Francis Freeman and her family, and it gives me great pleasure to introduce to you, as her active representative, her son, Mr. Alden Freeman of East Orange, New Jersey.

REMARKS OF ALDEN FREEMAN ON BEHALF OF THE DONORS.

Mr. Chairman, Selectmen of Enfield, Ladies and Gentlemen:

My speech you already have in your hands in pamphlet form. The building of this memorial has been a labor of love. From start to finish there has been no jarring note. Of those who have designed, modelled and erected the monument, each has done his part in a generous, whole-hearted way, "better than bargain," to use the quaint language of the report on the erection of the old meeting-house in 1775. The memorial, as you see, is now practically finished, nearly four months in advance of the time agreed upon.

This is a story told in stone, not only of the Abbey family, but also of the other old families of this ancient town. It tells the history of Enfield itself and in miniature it also tells the story of our country. It tells a tale that stretches from the landing at Jamestown in 1607 to those "continuous woods where rolls the Oregon"; from Plymouth Rock in 1620 to the Golden Gate in 1849; from Connecticut's Western Reserve on the shores of Lake Erie to "the brown coils of the Rio Grande"; from the Patriot War in Canada in 1838 to the Mexican War in 1848, and right down to the border troubles of the present year.

The donors have no desire to exploit either the Abbey family or Captain Abbey's branch of it. This is merely a study of a typical American family of the plain people whom Lincoln said he loved because God had made so many of them. These Abbeys were farmers, innkeepers, printers, editors, engineers, scientists and artists, but above all they have been fighters and patriots. There have been no disloyalists among the Abbeys. Nor have I found what you could call a rich man among all these people. It seems they have always been too busy with other things that interested them more to find time to acquire wealth.

This is truly a memorial service that we are holding here under these arching elms, for to-day all Abbe descendants are mourning the loss of the most distinguished man who has borne

the name. Cleveland Abbe died in Washington a week ago today. Except for Professor Abbe and for one woman, who is fortunately with us, this gathering of the Abbey family would not be possible. When a young man Cleveland Abbe began to collect the records of the family. Fifty-two years ago the author of "The History of Windham" wrote that Mr. Abbe had already placed under lasting obligation all of the descendants of the immigrant, John Abbe, by his contributions of time and money to their genealogy. Cleveland Abbe was the pioneer in storm warning away back in 1869. As a child I recall that his nickname, "Old Probabilities," was a household word. His labors led to the establishment of the United States Weather Bureau in 1870. Next he began the display of cautionary storm signals along the coast and later the prediction of floods in rivers. In

Cleveland Abbe

1879 he started the agitation for standard time, and in five years he gave to the United States and later to the world the standard hour meridians now in universal use. I will name only these two achievements of this great scientist which have been of incalculable practical use to all farmers, mariners, railway men and people generally. In the midst of scientific labors of the highest importance Professor Abbe always found time for his favorite study of family history. He and his collaborator, Mrs. Nichols, have located more than 15,000 Abbey descendants in the United States and Canada, whose names will be found in the Abbe Genealogy now in press. Practically all of these people have been notified of this gathering here today and this is due to the initiative of Cleveland Abbe, who took a deep interest in

this memorial and himself selected the names of the Windham Abbes who are perpetuated in the inscriptions.

Just a word about my own little book. My own words in it are of small importance, but I urge you to read the quotations. In this critical time of our country's history I ask you to ponder the words of James Otis, of the Adamses, of Jefferson and Patrick Henry and all the revolutionary patriots. Here is a collection of the oratory and eloquence which have inspired all our national life. I have brought it right up to the present day, with words of Elihu Root, of that ardent patriot, Theodore Roosevelt, of Charles E. Hughes, who exposed and broke up the insurance ring, and of our beloved President, Woodrow Wilson. I ask you to study these sayings between now and election day. I hope that you will choose for your guides the greatest men in our history, Washington and Lincoln.

Besides asking you to read these patriotic quotations before you vote on Tuesday, I have two suggestions to make to the people of this town. In the first place I ask you to preserve this venerable building around which Thomas Abbey beat his drum in the very year, 1775, in which it was completed. Here you possess a shrine in which three generations of your forefathers were baptized, worshipped, were married and their funerals held. When the beautiful new church was built in 1848 this structure became your Town Hall and three succeeding generations here fulfilled their duties as free American citizens. The New England town meeting was the cradle of American independence, and this hall deserves, for all future time, to be cherished with affection and with pride by a religious and liberty-loving people, such as all your history has shown the citizens of Enfield to be.

My second suggestion is a memorial to Jonathan Edwards on the site of the church which preceded the old Town Hall. The outline of its walls is, as you are well aware, plainly to be seen one-third of a mile to the south, opposite the post-office. It was there that Jonathan Edwards preached his most famous sermon. As you know, he was born in East Windsor, only nine miles away. Enfield will honor itself by erecting a monument to the foremost man that Connecticut has produced, the greatest theologian of the eighteenth century and one of the chief forerunners of the Revolution. It has been said that if you would understand the workings of the mind of New England in the

ENFIELD TOWN HALL

"A shrine in which three generations of our forefathers were baptized, worshipped, were married and their funerals held."

Photograph by de W. C. Ward

eighteenth century and the throbbing of its heart, you must study the life and the words of Jonathan Edwards.

Before making the formal presentation of this memorial to the authorized representative of the citizens of the Town of Enfield I have one other duty to perform in pursuance of the agreement ratified at the town meeting held on November 11, 1915, and that is to hand this fund to the chairman of the committee of the First Ecclesiastical Society of Enfield, who is also the chairman of this meeting. It is a great satisfaction to place the fund in the hands of a man so efficient, so capable, so painstaking and so agreeable as Mr. Hathaway, and I feel confident that the money will be wisely invested and the income carefully expended for the care and maintenance of the memorial and its immediate surroundings on the town lands.

It is now my agreeable duty, on behalf of my mother, of my sister, and of my niece, Mrs. William Thorn Kissel, to present

to the first selectman of the Town of Enfield, this memorial of Captain Abbey and the Abbey family for the use and enjoyment of the citizens of this town. My family hope that it may prove to be a civic center which will unite all sections of Enfield in the effort to make your growing town worthy of its inspiring past.

In making this presentation I wish to express our appreciation of the unanimous vote by which the citizens of Enfield gave this site in perpetuity for the Abbey Memorial and at the same time entrusted its care and maintenance to the First Ecclesiastical Society of Enfield, who are likewise the custodians of the fund which has just been placed in their keeping.

Mr. Selectman, in the name of the donors, I present to you as the representative of all the people of the Town of Enfield this Memorial of Thomas Abbey, his ancestors and descendants of the Abbey family, to have and to hold from this time forth.

ACCEPTANCE SPEECH BY MR. ALBERT J. EPSTEIN, FIRST SELECTMAN OF ENFIELD.

Mr. Freeman, it gives me great pleasure, as representative of the Town of Enfield, in accepting this most magnificent gift, a memorial erected by you in memory of one of our most patriotic citizens, our soldier hero, Captain Thomas Abbey, who, when his country was in peril, left his farm to call his fellow citizens to arms. The citizens of Enfield join with me in extending to you and yours their sincere gratitude for your kindly feeling toward this town, in presenting this memorial, erected in such historical surroundings, in one of the most beautiful spots in old New England.

UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF CAPTAIN ABBEY.

By His Great-great-great-granddaughter, Miss Georgiana Abbey Van Epps, of East Orange, New Jersey.

THE FLAG RAISING

Photographs by Albert K. Dawson of Brown & Dawson, of Stamford, Ct.

The group on the speakers' stand, from left to right, consists of Mme. Mulford, Rev. Mr. Means, Rabbi Wise, Rev. Mr. Reid, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Verplanck, Rev. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. Epstein, Mr. Hathaway and Alden Freeman.

SOLO—"THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER."

Mme. Mulford, accompanied by Gerald Maas.

The two flags with which the statue had been draped were given to Enfield Church and to the old Town Hall by the donors of the memorial. During the singing of the National Anthem they were slowly raised to the flagstaffs prepared for them under the porticos of the two venerable buildings so closely associated with the Abbey Memorial.

15-48

ADDRESS BY RABBI STEPHEN S. WISE, OF THE FREE SYNAGOGUE, NEW YORK.

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Freeman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have the distinction this afternoon of being the one unique figure; I am not related to the Abbey family—unfortunately for the Abbey family. When I was asked to-day whether I was a member of the family I said that I should be ashamed to belong to a family that counted its family history in generations; that my own family goes back to someone whose name began, as the Abbey name begins, with "Ab," but the rest of the family is rather different. I belong to the Ab-raham family; and

tho' just a little unhappy that in my veins there courses none of the blood of that family typified by the noble presence just unveiled, on the other hand, I like to think that even tho' none of my grandfathers signed the Declaration of Independence, one of my great-great-great-grandfathers *wrote* the Ten Commandments.

It seems to me, Mr. Freeman, ladies and gentlemen, that the unveiling exercises of this monument are nothing more than a prelude to the great event which is to happen after another four years, when all Americans—not only the sons of the Pilgrims, but Americans of every blood and faith and ancestry—are to unite

in commemorating the close of three centuries—three hundred years—of noble daring on the part of those men who were the founders of the America we love.

My one qualification, if aught I have, for speaking in this hour—and I have been greatly honored by the invitation—is my

MODEL OF THE SHIP MAYFLOWER

devised by the late James Le Baron Willard, Historian of the N. Y Society of Mayflower Descendants.

The Ark of the New Covenant of political and religious liberty which was drawn up and signed in her cabin on November 11, 1620.

feeling of profound veneration—dare I not say it?—of spiritual kinship, with those Biblical figures who three hundred years ago dared the terrors of the sea, not that they might have something for themselves, but that they might give their lives more

completely to God, to freedom and to righteousness. I always think of the Pilgrims as Bible heroes. They were the Mahomets of their day, building upon Bible truths, upborne by the Bible spirit.

And then, if I may say so, I am privileged perhaps to be here to-day, because I am a churchman, tho' a churchman of the older covenant, and I thank God as a churchman that out of the church, the old meeting house since 1775, there came the men who have written a memorable page in the annals of Enfield, of Connecticut, of American history. Back of the American Revolution lies the great word and the mighty personality of that man, whom in imagination I look upon at this moment, Jonathan Edwards, and I love to think that among the men whose summons brought to the front on behalf of freedom the Minute Men of a later generation, was that great company of men of God who were the teachers of religion in their day; men of whom Jonathan Mayhew, for example, is nothing more than an outstanding representative.

Men and women—and I speak particularly to-day to the young girls and young men and women—piety is always a high virtue, and piety is never a higher virtue than it is in this land, just because we are a land, to paraphrase, "wherein there are no ruins," wherein there are few ruins; and piety is a most beautiful and precious thing when it is bound up, as this day it is bound up, with the memories of the Fathers of the Republic. Your poet put it well—"Hallowed ground, where virtue slept and valor trod." May we not say that from this day this place becomes hallowed ground, where virtue is never to sleep and where valor is to tread throughout the ages?

The culminations of piety are noble things. It is always helpful, sustaining, even exalting to invoke great memories, memories of the immortal, transfigured, living dead; for that man, Captain Thomas Abbey, lives as truly at this moment as any man or woman to-day; and I wonder at this moment who of us will be living in memory after another century shall have passed, as this man lives, example, exemplar, inspiration to us, whether or not of his own blood, who view his noble presence nearly one hundred and fifty years after the deed of an American man, of an American soldier and of an American gentleman.

And I ask you to-day, men and women, to remember what it is that you are to commemorate. What do you commemorate?

Do you wish merely to extol yourselves? Do you wish merely to glorify the memories of your forebears? Have you come here to lay a laurel wreath upon the memory of this man because he was of your own bond or blood? Or have you come here as I believe you have come, and as I know the donors of this beautiful memorial would have you come, in order that you may, as it were, renew the spirit that moved this man in his immortal ministry?

It was a great poet of another day who said that in order to acquire the things that we have inherited from our fathers, we must in turn and in our generation, earn them over again. Men and women, everything depends on how ancestry is used, whether ancestry be a source of noble pride or of ignoble pride; whether you value your ancestry as a spirit of achievement—for if you do not, if you look back upon your pride merely as something that makes you a little better than your neighbor,

rather than moves you to be better and to do better than your neighbor, then your pride is ignoble, and instead of being ennobling, is unennobling and discrowning. The question is, how will you view your ancestry—and it is a great ancestry, you are right—remember the ancestry that links you with that figure means not privilege but duty, means obligation, means solemn responsibility, means that in every generation his children, and his children's children's children must rededicate themselves anew to the things for which he lived, for which he fought, and the memory of which his noble figure recalls.

I want to have you remember to-day, men and women, that Captain Abbey and the men of his day and generation were warriors; they were warriors brave and unafraid, and yet they were more than warriors. I am not of their blood and bond, but I know them well; I have studied their lives, I have pondered upon the motives that impelled them, and if you ask me, who chance to be your visitor to-day, to describe this man and the men who stood with him, I tell you that they were what the Pilgrim fathers had been before them; they were a company of spiritual—of spiritual, mark you—pioneers. The America of 1620, the America of Plymouth Rock, was nothing more than a prelude. It wasn't to pick a new geographical designation; it didn't mean that a new continent was to be unfolded and explored; the America of 1620 and the America of 1775 meant that a company of men moved by the spirit of God were ready to enter upon a great spiritual enterprise. I don't use the term political, or national, or social or civic, because it was more than all of these things; it was above all things a spiritual enterprise and a spiritual conquest; and the America of the Revolution was another spiritual conquest, and the America of 1861-65 for which these fine men fought, for which these brave men bled, the America of 1861 was yet another spiritual enterprise. We fought not for the South, nor against the South; we fought —these men fought—for a new rebirth of freedom for America and all the world.

And the America of the future—will we dare to make that a spiritual enterprise? We had to conquer the mother land in order to create the Republic; the question now faces us, will we be great enough to conquer ourselves in order to re-create the Republic. What is this new America, of which we ought to be the authors, as this man was one of the authors of the America

Photographed from the Belfry of Enfield Church by Wm. Bradbury Abbey during Rabbi Wise's address. In the background the Connecticut River and Valley.

of his day? What are to be the ideals of America? I found my inspiration to-day—or rather I found a confirmation of my own thought—in the beautiful badges worn by the gentlemen of the Order of Cincinnati. I ask you to remember the primary meaning, not the etymological significance, of the term "res publica." Res publica is a Latin phrase which is to be translated, "the common way" or "the common weal," and the question that the America of 1916 faces is this: Do we continue to cherish the ideal of the common weal, the ideal of the country which is to be served only if needs must in war, but to be served all the time, every day and every hour, by the virtues of peace, by the valors of peace and by the noblenesses of the light of peace. Do you understand what the Republic means—the republic means law, one law for all men, and more than one law, one unvarying, inflexible justice; but, men and women, we are more than a republic, we are a democratic republic, we are a self-governing, a self-ruling republic, and self-government involves two things; first, that we fit ourselves to be the rulers of the Republic, and in the next place that we rule the Republic not in our own interest, not in our own behalf, not in order to aggrandize some one sect, not in order to further our own endeavors, not in order to obtain guerdon for some person or combination or group; are we great enough to rule ourselves in the interests of the Republic which this great figure helped to create, and which, with God's help, we are resolved to ennoble with our own lives.

The time has come for the building of the new America, and in order that there may be a new America, there must be an understanding, there must be a conciliation, there must be, if I may use a New Testament term, an irenikon between the men and women of the older order, the children and grandchildren of Thomas Abbey on the one hand, and men and women who, like myself, have come to America because they chose America, because freedom was not in the old world, for we came to America not that we might amass wealth—none of this man's forebears came to America in order to amass a fortune—God's whisper came to the fathers of this man and God's whisper came to my fathers, and we have come to America in just the same spirit, because life is more than living, or a living, and because in America, tho' not in America as it is but in America as it may yet become, in the America that we ought to refashion, in the

America known in all the world, men can rule themselves, we can be self-governing, we can minister to the welfare of all, a land in which there is one justice for all men. This is the ideal that is our own, and I wonder whether I am not speaking out of the heart of the donor of this gift, whether I do not convey your thought to this company of men and women, when I say to you, who are the new settlers of the Republic, America does not ask of you that you shall forswear the old loves, the old loyalties. If you are French, German, Polish, Slavic, Italian or Spanish, love and cherish all those spiritual possessions, all those high and exalting memories that you have brought with you from the old world, but use them, not for the sake of Germany, of Britain, or France or Russia or Austria or Italy or Turkey; use them for the interest of the land which deserves and has our supreme loyalty, the American Republic.

America—how wide its domains! And yet it is not great enough to harbor a single divided allegiance. There is no room in America for the hyphenated American, no German-Americans, no English-Americans, no French-Americans; the only American is the American-American, the American who sets his allegiance to America above every other loyalty, above every other passion.

I sometimes say to my friends that I have two religions; the one is the religion of Israel, the other is the religion of America. America must become anew to us, a religion, a faith, an ideal, the deepest and the holiest passion of our lives.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I must not detain you longer; only one word let me add.

I love to think that this memorial is not to be of the past long; it is to be a help, it is to be an incentive for the present; it is to be a stimulus and inspiration for the future; the past belonged to Thomas Abbey, his kinsmen, the men of his own blood and bond; but the future belongs to all the men and all the women and all the children of Enfield; the past belonged to the builders; the future is to be the inalienable possession of the rebuilders of this community, and I wonder if I do not read aright the spirit of Mr. Freeman and his mother and sister when I say they would be sore disappointed if this spot, hallowed by ennobling memories, does not become the center of the spiritual life of this town. Great ideals and hallowed memories are centered here and every man, every woman and every child in Enfield should feel, "This memorial is mine, this man and this memory

has become a part of my life," and thus will this memorial be the new center of the new life of this city.

A gentleman a moment ago used a term which I as a teacher of religion and as an American have no right to have heard without adding my own thought and my own word, for there are times when a man must speak if he will be true to himself, true to his faith and to his own soul.

It is true Thomas Abbey was not too proud to fight, and the men who stood by the side of Thomas Abbey were not too proud to fight, but Thomas Abbey was too proud to fight for anything less than the right, for the right as he saw it; for the great ideal, the ideal of liberty. This man was a better Englishman than the George who sat upon the English throne; this man and Samuel Adams, and John Adams, and Hancock, and Franklin, and Washington and Hamilton and Jefferson; these men were the great Englishmen of their day; they and the Pitts, not the Georges.

He wasn't too proud to fight for the right, but as I look upon that noble fact, but as I look upon that noble face I dare to say of him that he was too proud to fight for the wrong; he was too proud to fight for the sake of fighting; and I love to think that if he were alive to-day he would say: "We will fight, for an ideal as great as America, if fight we must we will fight for America, the America of our lives, of our hopes and our dreams and ideals, but we will fight for nothing less," and if these warriors of yesterday were living they would become warriors in the new cause, the cause that America is to lead, the cause in the leading of which America is to achieve a new dignity, a new glory, and a fadeless immortality; a war against war, that is unjust, that is unrighteous, that is unhallowed.

Soldier of God, Pilgrim of God, Maker of the Republic, we salute thee! Let thy spirit rest upon this company, upon this community, upon the State and commonwealth of Connecticut, upon the America which you gave us, you and like-minded men; the America which we this day solemnly resolve that we will hand down to our children and our children's children unstained, unmarred and unpolluted, an America worthy of you, your deeds, your life, your memory.

SHERRY E. FRY,
Sculptor

de W. C. WARD,
Photographer

ADDRESS BY WILLIAM E. VERPLANCK, ESQ., OF MOUNT GULIAN, FISHKILL-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Mr. Freeman, our Host:

It gives me great pleasure to be present here on this fine Indian summer day. I feel favored in being numbered among the guests of Mr. Freeman, who have gathered to do honor to the memory of his ancestor, Thomas Abbey, whose statue has just been unveiled—an impressive figure it is.

Before leaving New York this morning I took breakfast with one of the architects who designed the splendid exedra which forms a fine setting, and he, a New England man, told me

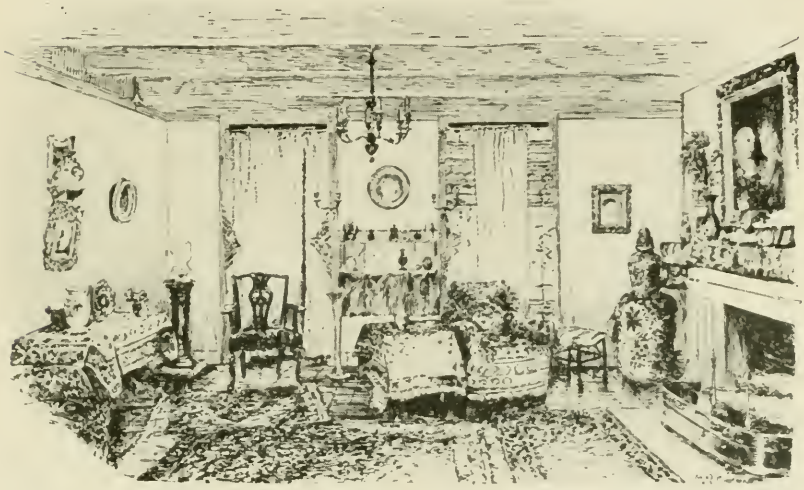
MOUNT GULIAN

Showing at the right the addition built in 1804.

that Enfield was one of the most beautiful New England villages and he described its position and other attractions. I now see that he did not at all exaggerate. We Hudson River people have no such villages. It was not because we did not like them, but it was due to the different way in which our region was settled. All along the river were great tracts of several thousand acres each, such as one still sees in the Southern States. Each estate or plantation was self-maintained and self-sufficient. There was no need of a village and those that sprang up at cross-roads were frowned upon by the landowners. But now that most of these Hudson River estates have been broken up into much smaller holdings, villages of considerable size have ap-

peared in the natural order of things, in which we miss the broad elm-lined streets and picturesque greens of the New England villages.

You have heard to-day of the Society of the Cincinnati and of Thomas Abbey being a member of it and of the Verplanck mansion at Fishkill-on-Hudson being the site where it was organized on May 13, 1783. This old house was built early in the eighteenth century, some time before the French and Indian War, by Gulian Verplanck, a merchant of New York, and named Mount Gulian after his grandfather, who with his partner,



The room in which the Society of the Cincinnati was formed.

Francis Rombout, of French extraction, had bought the land on which the house stands from the Wappinger Indians—a tract of about 80,000 acres—and the Indian title, a few years after, was confirmed by James II in 1685. The Indians were permitted and encouraged to remain upon the land, where they trapped beavers, raccoons, weasles, bears and other fur-bearing animals for the proprietors who carried on trade in furs and peltries at New Amsterdam, shipping them to England and the Continent. The Indians were always treated fairly by the Hudson River landowners, and there were no wars or serious dissensions.

The old house of which I am now the owner stands on the east side of Newburg Bay, opposite the city of Newburg. The entire region is replete with historic sites and associations. The mansion was occupied during the years 1782-83 by Baron Steuben as a headquarters by voluntary cession of its then owner, Samuel Verplanck, who had been a member of the Committee of Safety in the early part of the war, but who, because of age and ill-health, had retired from active life. Steuben, as you all will recall, was a German and had been in the army of Frederick the Great, under whom he had become a valuable officer, particularly as disciplinarian and tactician. But Steuben came to us wholly without King Frederick's aid or suggestion. He came after talking with Franklin and Deane, our commissioners at Paris, where Steuben met them on his travels, for Frederick had given him leave of absence, the Seven Years' War being over. This is not the time to tell all the good Steuben did in our cause in drilling our raw troops, etc. He took part in forming the Order of the Cincinnati with Washington and Knox, whose headquarters were nearby—on the opposite bank of the river, near Newburg. It was there, too, that the army was disbanded and that Washington refused the crown. A few miles below is West Point and Constitution Island, where the chain was stretched across the river. Close by, in the Highlands, are Forts Montgomery and Clinton. At old Fishkill Village large bodies of troops were stationed throughout the war and Washington went there frequently. The Daughters of the American Revolution have marked the historic sites with appropriate tablets.

I extend an invitation to all present to visit the region and I assure you of a welcome at the Steuben headquarters. My wife had an ancestor from Connecticut, Ephraim Kirby, who became a member of the Cincinnati Society and she has a letter of his which he wrote to Reynold Marvin, of Litchfield, whose daughter Ruth he afterwards married, and whither he returned to practice law and became the first law reporter in the United States. In his letter he tells some of the causes which actuated the officers in forming the society. The letter was first published in the *New England Magazine* in some articles which I wrote on the historic homesteads in the neighborhood of Fishkill. These magazine articles appeared in March, 1895, and in August, 1896.

BARON STEUBEN

The Statue by Albert Jaegers which faces the White House in Washington

Kirby writes from Saratoga, 23d June, 1783, as follows:

"The Army are at last disbanded, all except the men who were enlisted for three years, and a sufficient number of officers to command them. This was determined by agreement among the officers, unless where a sufficient number could not agree, by lot. It has fallen to my share to remain for one. However, I have the most earnest expectations of being soon after them.

"The ingratitude and villainous conduct of the country have occasioned the officers of the army to come into an agreement to assemble annually by Lines in their respective States, and the whole triennially at some convenient place near the middle of

MOUNT GULIAN

Showing the original house built about 1740 by Gulian Verplanck, grandson of the original proprietor of the same name, who bought the land from the Indians in 1683

the United States to consult on matters of common concern. They have also established a fund composed of one month's pay from each officer and deposited in the care of a committee for the purpose of relieving the necessities of any distressed officer, his widow or orphans.

"The army find that the common acts of humanity are not to be expected from the country they have rescued from tyranny and that no reliance can be placed on those contracts and solemn obligations; they are therefore drove to this expedient to secure themselves in some measure against the miseries of poverty."

It is likely that Thomas Abbey was at the Steuben head-

quarters during his career as an officer and also knew Colonel Kirby. Ephraim Kirby became an officer in a Rhode Island regiment but after the war returned to Litchfield and married Ruth Marvin. One of his descendants, David Kirby, of New York, holds the insignia and other evidences of membership in the Society.

In closing, for the time for the train is drawing near, I wish to repeat to all my invitation to visit the Cincinnati mansion and the beautiful region of the Highlands of the Hudson, through which passes a fine State road, on the line of the old Albany-New York turnpike, near which the old house stands.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP

In the Society of the Cincinnati signed by George Washington as President, and General Knox as Secretary, December 10, 1785.

THE BENEDICTION

Was pronounced by Rev. Oliver W. Means, of Hartford, pastor of Enfield Church, 1888-1901.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT IN PHILADELPHIA

Erected by the Pennsylvania Society of the Cincinnati from a fund started in 1810. Prof. Rudolph Siemering of Berlin was the sole designer. The fountains represent the Hudson, Delaware, Potomac and Mississippi Rivers. The reliefs show the coming of the immigrants and the departure of the soldiers for the war. The bronze figures of Indians and native animals are much admired.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

Wearing the order of the Cincinnati, which has descended to his great-grandson, Rev. Alexander Hamilton, Chaplain of the N. Y. Society of the Cincinnati.

From the painting by Edgar Brown Smith.

LIST OF THE 155 PASSENGERS ON THE ABBEY MEMORIAL TRAIN,

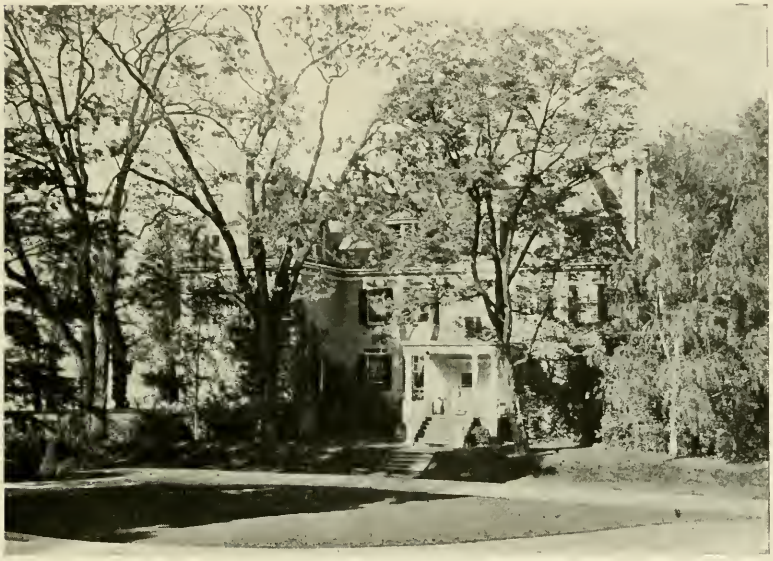
New York to Enfield Bridge, November 4, 1916.

Rev. Alexander Hamilton, Chaplain N. Y. State Society of the Cincinnati; John B. Lord, Charles A. Rose, Henry Justus Storrs, W. Lanier Washington, John P. H. de Windt, William W. Taulman, Thomas J. Bonnell, Matthew Hinman, Walter Marvin, Nicholas A. Lowe, William Decatur Parsons, Frank Bowman, Major Charles Elliot Warren, James Van Dyk, David Beatty Idell, Henry Preble, Chandler Smith, William H. Addoms 2d, Ward Belknap, Captain J. M. Andrews, Dr. George Trotter Tyler, George L. Storer, Williamson Thomas, Edward G. Rollins, Henry W. Raymond, Francis R. Stoddard, Richard H. Gaines, Richard W. Withington, William Pike Glenney, John Higgin, Walter Byron Jones, Alden Freeman, Frederick C. Torrey.

All of those named above are members of the Society of the Cincinnati. Other members of the Cincinnati who attended the exercises were Louis R. Cheney, Charles E. Jackson, E. Kent Hubbard and John Henry Livingston, who, with Mrs. Livingston, motored from their historic home on the Hudson, "Clermont," for which Robert Fulton named his first steamboat.

Captain Richard Henry Greene, founder of the Society of Mayflower Descendants, and Mrs. Greene; Mrs. L. Nelson Nichols, author of "The Abbe-Abbey Genealogy"; Edward G. Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. Decatur M. Sawyer, Dr. Appleton Morgan, Sherry E. Fry, Ernest F. Lewis, Edwin Shuttleworth, Mr. and Mrs. Grosvenor S. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver J. Wells, Mrs. Charles Lewis Johnson, Mrs. Chauncey Marshall, Miss Edith G. Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Romeyn, Mrs. G. C. Archer and two friends from Hazelton, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. S. Carman Harriot, Rev. Robert W. Mark, pastor First Presbyterian Church of Woodbridge, N. J., and Mrs. Mark; Rev. Cornelius Brett, D. D., pastor Bergen Reformed Church of Jersey City, N. J., and Mrs. Brett; Herbert L. Bridgman, editor Brooklyn *Standard Union;* Ira H. Brainerd, Miss Brainerd, Henry F. Bell, James Boyd, president Alumni Association of New York University; Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Higbie, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards Hall Rockwell, Mrs. Maurice Bouvier, William P. H. Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bancel

Binsse and son, De Witt C. Ward, Miss Remie Ward, Dr. Morris Lee King, Miss Jean Macgowan, Willis A. Voorhees and son, Miss Gail A. Treat, founder of the Society of Descendants of Colonial Governors; Mrs. Robert B. Treat and Robert B. Treat, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Julian A. Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. Tracy Lanterman, Mr. and Mrs. Linwood C. Gillis, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Jamison and the Misses Jamison, Mrs. Florence P. Paulson, Herbert Smith, John A. Higson, J. A. Macdonell, Mr. and Mrs. William Ogden Wiley, Miss Annie C. Quimby, Ogden Halsted Bowers, the Misses Bowers, Mrs. Alfred H.



CLERMONT, TIVOLI-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

The home of John Henry Livingston, great-great-great-great-grandson of Robert Livingston, 1st Lord of Livingston Manor, great-great-grandson of Philip Livingston, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and great-grandson of Chancellor Robert R. Livingston, the associate of Robert Fulton, who named the first steamboat after this house, which was built in 1730 by Robert Livingston, son of the 1st Lord of the Manor.

Thacher, Mrs. Thomas D. Webb, Mrs. William Cooper, Miss Emma Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Shepard, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Kelsey, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick T. Kelsey, Ronald B. Kelsey, Miss Susan Withington, Albert K. Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Mitchell, Mrs. James E. Pope, Miss Gertrude Chittick, V. David Newman, Miss Hall, Walter Abbe, Miss Elizabeth K. Abbe, Mrs. Hubert Howson, Miss Helen Elizabeth Howson, Miss Harriet Colgate Abbe, William Abbe, Mr. and Mrs. William Bradbury Abbey, Rev. Edward W. Abbey,

Miss Lucile Abbey, Stuart B. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo H. Abbey, Ralph H. Abbey, Mrs. Ella Abbey White, Mrs. Joel Francis Freeman, Mrs. R. T. Van Epps, Miss Georgiana Abbey Van Epps, Miss Susan Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick R. Maddock, Gaetano Federici, Mrs. Florence Mulford Hunt, Gerald Maas, Miss Mae E. McKeever, Miss Jennie Waterman, Miss Justine Dorothy Wise, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise and Mrs. Wise, Thomas C. Gilchrist, John W. Daly, Benjamin McGuire, August C. Peterson, Miss Rose Galligan, Miss Bridget Galligan and six others whose names we failed to record.

Others who attended the exercises included Mrs. Frances Louise Abbe Boise, of Ansonia, Connecticut; Miss Bertha B. Bartlett, of Lynn, Massachusetts, and Dr. and Mrs. Nathan G. Estes, of Newport, Rhode Island.

Mention should be made of the gracious offer by the ladies of the Enfield Church to provide luncheon in the church parlors for the out-of-town guests, who were unable to accept their hospitality on account of the short stop of the special train. All of the party, however, partook of the hospitality of the generous automobile owners whose cars met the train at Enfield Bridge.

At the exercises Chief of Police J. H. Callahan was ably assisted by the local and State police. Thanks are also due to the members of the Enfield Hose Company and to the capable parking committee. The seating arrangements on the platform were admirable, separate sections being allotted and plainly marked for the clergy, the Grand Army Post, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the members of the Abbe Family, the Woman's Club and the senior class of the Enfield High School.

The clergymen present included Rev. Thomas J. Preston of the Catholic Church, Rev. R. Russ Judd of the Episcopal, Rev. William S. Voorhees of the Presbyterian, Rev. J. Howard Tait of the United Presbyterian, Rev. Harvey C. Dorr of the Methodist, all of Thompsonville; Rev. Thomas Tyrie of the Methodist Church in Hazardville, Rev. C. E. Hesselgrave and Rev. C. M. Calderwood of the Congregational in South Manchester, Conn.; Rev. Oliver W. Means of the Congregational Church in Hartford, and Rev. David C. Reid, pastor of the Congregational Church in Enfield, who was a classmate of President Wilson at Princeton, and is the author of various works on sociological and economic problems.

MISS HARRIET COLGATE ABBE

Miss Abbe and Mrs. Howson are sisters of the late Cleveland Abbe, Walter Abbe, and Dr. Robert Abbe.

WALTER ABBE

Owner of "Dog Hill," the Abbe homestead at Windham, Ct., which belonged to his grandfather, Moses Cleveland Abbe.

MRS. HUBERT HOWSON (Helen Abbe)

From the painting by the late John W. Alexander

Captain Abbey and Enfield's Municipal Christmas Tree, 1916

JONATHAN EDWARDS'S MOST NOTABLE SERMON,

"Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God."

By J. Warren Johnson.

On the 8th day of July, 1741, Jonathan Edwards preached the most noted sermon extant in the English language at this day, on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," in the little church, 40 by 45 feet, standing on the Green nearly one-half a mile south of the present church in front of my home. For nearly thirty-five years after that it was the Church of the First Society of Enfield. Some of the timbers of that church that echoed the fearful words of that sermon are still in existence.

I have said that this sermon was the most noted sermon extant in the English language. Enfield is known and noted nearly as much by it as it is by its most beautiful street and by its church, which is said to be the finest example of Colonial Church architecture, and you will find in Ian Maclaren's "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," that Lachlan Campbell, after Marget Howe had written the letter to Flora and got Lachlan's approval, "cleaned and trimmed with anxious hand a lamp that was kept for show and had never been used," and selected from his books Edwards' "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God" and "Coles on the Divine Sovereignty," and on them had laid the large family Bible on which he set the lamp in the window, and every night till Flora returned the light shone down the path that ascended to her home, "like the divine love from the open door of our Father's House."

A most dramatic description of the scenes of that 8th day of July, 1741, is fortunately preserved for us in the Diary of Rev. Stephen Williams of Longmeadow, as well as in the traditions handed down to us by descendants of those who were present.

Several years since Dr. E. F. Parsons (blessed be his memory) went to Longmeadow with me and through the courtesy of Prof. Wm. B. Medlicott, of Harvard, and his wife, we were permitted to see the diaries of Rev. Stephen Williams, and we found the account of that day, but woe betided us, for we could read hardly a word of it, so execrable was the penmanship. So one day I got Mr. James Allen Kibbe, the genealogist and expert at deciphering ancient manuscripts, to go to Longmeadow with me and we spent a long time copying

the writing, and were finally rewarded by getting all but a few words. And this was what we found:

"July 8th, 1741.

"Deu. 32:35.

"Vengeance is mine and recompense.

"In due time their foot shall slide.

"This time Mr. M. preached from 2 Cor. 5:20 & Mr. Williams from Acts. 2:51. Discourses solemn and the Congregation considerably affected & many cried out. We went to Mr. Reynolds' and dined, and then went over to Enfield, where we met dear Mr. Edwards, of North Hampton, who preached a most awakening sermon from these words Deu. 32:35 and before sermon was done there was a great moaning and crying out, 'What shall I do to be saved? Oh, I am going to hell! Oh what shall I do for a Christ?' &c., &c., until the minister was obliged to desist. The screeches and cries were pitiful and agonizing. And after some time of waiting the Congregation were stilled so that a prayer was made by Mr. Williams, and after that we descended from the Pulpit & discoursed with the people, some in one place and some in another. And an amazing and astonishing power of God was seen, and several souls were happily wrought upon that night, the cheerfulness and pleasantness of their countenances (several words were undecipherable) Oh, that God would strengthen and confirm * * * & then"

"July 9th, 1741.

"Oh, that God would give me great desire in my soul to see at Longmeadow what I have seen in Enfield."

This is the end of what we could make out of the diary.

Much of the foregoing, and additional scenes have come down by tradition from their ancestors to the present generation of Enfield people. They declared that so vivid was hell painted by Edwards that many grasped the railing of the pews, as if to save themselves from then and there descending into the bottomless pit. One old man named Meacham, with tears running down his face, and his long white hair streaming down his shoulders, rose and cried out "Oh for a Christ! Is there no balm in Gilead, is there no physician there?" The answer to which to us of this day would seem to be an adequate answer to the whole brilliant, but terrible sermon. Just one sentence I will give as a sample of it all. "The bow of God's wrath is bent, and the arrow made ready on the string, and justice aims the arrow at your heart, and strains the bow, and

it is nothing but the mere pleasure of God, and that an angry God, without any promise or obligation at all, that keeps the arrow one moment from being made drunk with your blood." Christ's name hardly appears in this sermon. A large part of the sermon is in the same strain.

After twenty-four years spent as pastor of what is now called the Edwards' Church at Northampton, President Edwards was forced to resign on account of differences between him and his church about some doctrinal beliefs and his denunciation of the morals of some of the children of the rich people of his parish, and then he went to the church at Stockbridge, Mass., and was also missionary to the Indians there, but very shortly he was chosen president of what is now Princeton College and so was a predecessor of our President in that office. He died after holding that office a few weeks, from smallpox. He left a numerous family, from whom have descended some of the most famous men of our nation. More than fifteen hundred of his descendants are now living, among them a grandson of Theodore Roosevelt.

In every part of the United States are found men and women who owe to Jonathan Edwards a vigor of intellect and character that makes them noteworthy. Through six generations his intellectual and moral force has projected itself and each successive generation has used this inheritance grandly.

His descendants have furnished three presidents to Yale College, Timothy Dwight, Theodore Dwight Woolsey and Timothy Dwight, Jr., all of whom were descendants of Jonathan Edwards's daughter Mary. His descendants have also furnished presidents for Princeton, Hamilton, Union, Amherst and Johns Hopkins, and for several law schools and theological seminaries, and they are listed among the alumni of forty-five American and foreign colleges.

Jonathan Edwards left a family of eleven children in what would be called extreme poverty at this day, but he left them a legacy of keen intellect and fine moral character which was of inestimable value. Out of all the multitude of his descendants the solitary "black sheep" of the Edwards family was Aaron Burr, a grandson of Jonathan Edwards.

The historian Bancroft declared that Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin were the two greatest men America had produced. Edwards's writings long held supreme authority; in Europe, as well as in America, he was ranked among the great thinkers of the world.

The theology of Jonathan Edwards may be dead and his books unread, but the man was greater than the theologian. In leaving to his posterity the legacy that he gave, he did the best a man can do for the world.

He was the son of Timothy Edwards, pastor of the church at East Windsor Hill, about eight miles south of Enfield, and the cellar hole of the house where he was born may be seen now. He was a great logician, and Edwards on the "Freedom of the Will" and many other metaphysicial works placed him at the head of all American thinkers on those subjects. But men no longer believe that there is no freedom of the will, that it is forever decreed "that you shall and you shall not, that you can and you cannot," and as Hudibras puts it, "you'll be damned if you do, and you'll be damned if you don't."

Rev. Stephen Williams, who wrote out the story in his diary, was pastor of the church in Longmeadow for sixty-six years. He was born in Deerfield, Mass., May 14th, 1693, and was the son of Rev. John Williams. With his father, mother and sister Eunice he was captured by the Indians when they slaughtered many of the inhabitants of Deerfield in February, 1704, and he and his father were ransomed fourteen months afterwards. Eunice was but eight years old when captured and taken to Canada. The mother was slain. Eunice, many years afterwards, was induced to visit her relatives several times, but wearied of the civilized life and returned to her Indian home, and lived and died there. She knew no language but the Indian tongue.

The diaries of Stephen Williams, of which there are a large number, were preserved and came down to Rev. John W. Harding, pastor of the Longmeadow Church from 1849 till he died a few years since, and for a long time yclept the "Bishop of Longmeadow," and from him came to his daughter, now the wife of Prof. Wm. B. Medlicott, and it was through their courtesy that I was able to get a copy of the part of the diary I have given. Many will remember good, sweet, Minister Harding. The first time he appeared in our pulpit was at the funeral of our pastor, Rev. Francis LeBaron Robbins, in April, 1850, and who had preached in the Enfield Church thirty-three years.

NOTE—This paper was written for and read at the annual meeting of the First Congregational Church of Enfield on January 15, 1914.

BERGEN REFORMED CHURCH, OF JERSEY CITY

This earliest church in New Jersey was founded by the Dutch, in 1660. The charter was signed by Governor Peter Stuyvesant. Built in 1842, this is the fourth church edifice, but in 257 years the congregation has had only five pastors.

THE CAPTAIN'S DRUMBEAT.

Sermon Delivered by Rev. Cornelius Brett, D. D., at Bergen Reformed Church, Jersey City, N. J.

Sunday Evening, November 12, 1916.

On a recent day, it was my privilege to journey to Enfield, Conn., on a special train, by invitation of Mr. Alden Freeman and other members of his family. There we found a goodly company assembled to unveil a monument erected by the Abbey family of New England, in honor of their Revolutionary Ancestor, Captain Thomas Abbey of the Enfield Minute Men.

The story runs that when the Battle of Lexington had been fought, couriers on horseback rode off in every direction to warn the people and to rouse the country. One of those riders came in at a furious rate, his horse covered with foam, to the little town of Enfield, Connecticut, about fourteen miles from Hartford. There he told his story. It seems that at that time in New England the churches not being lighted, all the week-day services were held in the day-time, and in this church of Enfield was gathered that afternoon a company for the usual Thursday religious lecture; it was their mid-week service.

The Captain heard the news, for he had not gone to church that day, probably expecting some news from the scene where war might at any time arise. He went for his drum, beating the long roll, marched around the old meeting house of the Congregational Church. The walls of the church did not fall down as the walls of Jericho when Joshua's host summoned the surrender by the blast upon the ram's horn, but literally this doughty Captain drummed the people out of church, for they came—they could not listen to the lecture any longer when they heard the roll of the drum. They knew there was something in the air, that some great event had happened, and the Minute Men joined their Captain.

When he ceased his drumming on the village green they heard the news, received their instructions and vanished to their nearby homes to put on the powder horn and to grasp the old rifle and put a few little necessities into the knapsack, and soon they came back again to reassemble at the roll of the drum and the command "Fall in!" Before nightfall they were on their way to Boston, where they presented themselves in due time, a hundred miles from their home, to Gen. Washington, in command of the great army of the Continentals.

To this man, these, his descendants, have caused a monument to be raised, a glorious monument presenting the leader himself, his likeness taken from old pictures in possession of the family, and there upon that very village green where the Minute Men of 1775 assembled, the people of Enfield and many thousands who will go there, may see the representative of the old-time Captain whose drum did so much for the spirit of independence, and later in the battles also, for its accomplishment.

A poet of New England, Benjamin F. Taylor (sounds very much, does it not, like the name of our Benjamin C. Taylor of dear memory, pastor of this church for forty-four years and emeritus for ten years longer). This poet has written this story in beautiful verse. At the unveiling ceremonies it was recited, and we have the rare privilege of having with us the young lady who recited it on that occasion, and has kindly consented, before the rest of the sermon shall be preached, to give it to you. Will you listen to the story of "The Captain's Drumbeat?" Miss McKeever:

(Poem recited by Miss Mae E. McKeever of East Orange, N. J. After the recitation Dr. Brett continued.)

I know your hearts are stirred by this recital in prose and in poetry.

When we want to find something very heroic in order to stimulate our own thoughts and our own purposes, we turn back to the story of the ancient days, to the ancient Hebrews. The Joshua lesson has been read to you to-day. For our text we go back a little even of Joshua, and we read in the 15th chapter of Exodus, verses 20-21:

"And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances.

"And Miriam answered them, sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

I have chosen this text because the timbrel was the forerunner of the modern drum, a sort of hand drum whose noise came like the drumbeat of to-day, by percussion, and I am talking of the drumbeat which is needed in our present day to drum the people out of church. I understand well the first duty of the minister as captain of the company of this day, is to

drum the people into church. They tell the story in some of the old New England villages, before the bell was purchased and hung in the steeple, while clocks and watches were few, that in order to tell the people when it was time to go to church a little drum corps, three or four drummers, came down the village street and as the people heard it and looked out to see their own boys beating the drum, they said, "It is time now to go to meeting," and so arrayed in Sunday best—which was not always so fine a fabric as clothes the people now—they turned out of their houses and followed the drummer to the door of the church, where they entered reverently with bowed heads to

MISS MAE E. McKEEVER, Singer and Elocutionist
Photograph by Harry G. Potter, of Newark

worship God and hear the lesson of the hour.

I understand fully that it is our duty as captains of companies here to go out and drum the people in, to tell them when it is time to go to church, and inform them the duties of the hour.

We go up and down the streets visiting the homes of the people; we go into the homes of the parents of the pupils of our Sunday School, and we beg them to come with their children to the house of God; and this, however successful we may be in the work, seems to be the first duty of the hour. But we understand that church-going is not always, or is not all of

religion. You know, one of our poets who hated the Mexican War, in 1849, said:

"What's the use of meetin' goin' every Sunday, wet or dry
If we are to go a-mowin' brother men like wheat or rye?"

And there is a great deal in that short stanza, or half a stanza of Lowell's, for it tells us that "meetin' going'" as he expresses it—church attendance, as we now speak of it in more refined language—is not all of our profession of faith, and does not fulfil all the duties of our holy religion.

I know that there is in some churches a willingness to lie back and be very well satisfied while we have no thought for the people who are without. We enjoy our religion. Why should we not enjoy it, and why should we not take away comfort in it? There is a sweet and hallowed influence which pervades the sanctuary, and the Christian heart responds:

"My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing itself away,
To everlasting bliss."

The Christian Spirit asks for no higher service than to wait here until translated to the place where

"Congregations ne'er break up
And Sabbaths have no end."

But we turn to the heroic in verse and in prose, to the incidents of heroism as we find them in the Word of God, and we come back to them, that there is a duty to be performed by the ministers of God, which resembles that of this Captain Thomas Abbey in 1775, when it is our duty to drum the people out of church in order to go after some people who do not go to church. For the service of the very church itself, we go out and find our neighbors and bring them back to the household of faith. The missionary spirit is the spirit that should characterize every church.

We have frequently advised you that the congregation of the disciples of Jesus Christ is a force as well as a field. It is a field to cultivate, for you come here to listen, to worship God first of all, and then to listen to words which inspire you and which instruct you, perhaps—they ought to do so, they are valueless unless they both instruct and inspire and urge you to your duty. The worship of God is in the street as well as in the church; it is in the homes of your neighbors where you may

MAJOR GENERAL PETER MUHLENBERG

Statue in Philadelphia City Hall by J. Otto Schweizer

In 1775 this clergyman was preaching in the Episcopal Church at Woodstock Virginia. He said:

"There is a time for all things—a time to preach and a time to pray; but there is also a time to fight, and that time has now come!"

Throwing off his gown, he displayed the full military uniform of a colonel, having just accepted a commission from General Washington. Leaving his pulpit, he went into the field with nearly 300 members of his congregation under his flag.

go to bear an invitation to enter the sanctuary, and you are drumming out to drum others in, for there is a drum waiting everyone who would be in the faithful service of Jesus Christ, to rouse to the military spirit those people who fail to attend the services of the sanctuary and who are thus derelict in their duty and false to their faith.

But this is not all. We would drum the people out of church that they may enter into the civic life of the community and do civic service. Social service is born of the church, it originated in the church, in the teachings of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. The greatest social reformer was that man who came to give his life for men and who preached to the unfortunate, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them when Jesus Christ is made manifest in the world. Therefore, we are to join in social service. Ably and amply have the citizens of Jersey City responded to the Master's call. I know of no city of like size where there are more institutions for the care of the unfortunate. Right in our own avenue we have a Home for Aged Women. The children of the Home for the Friendless attend our own services every Sunday, and out among the people the ambulances are running to and fro to carry the wounded and the sick to the hospitals which we care for. Through all these efforts we are trying every year and every day of every year to find out the unfortunate and the needy and to help them either individually, personally or by some association, until we get back to our organized Aid Society, which is the clearing house of all these charities. A great deal is spent in entertainments, concerts, which are given for the raising of funds to support these institutions. But beyond the money which you pay for tickets and which you give without return, beyond the money that comes from the people of the city, there must be the service in management. These matters must have the brain-power of men and women behind them, and they have it, and the church is drummed out to its social service.

We did not have to drum you out in order to have you vote, or those of you who are entitled to vote, to vote on Tuesday last. There was a record-breaking vote on that day, they tell us; but there are times, there have been times, and there may be times again when the church must take sides on issues on which the people vote, and when it may be the duty of the minister to tell you how to vote and to lead you to the place as

the faithful servants of Jesus Christ, to vote as you pray and to vote for the kingdom of God and its progress among humanity.

We need to-day this spirit of loyalty to the church and to be willing always to place the church on the side of everything that is right and opposed to everything that is wrong; to move forward at the behest of the Almighty, who cried, just before Miriam began her song, "Go forward, for the God Jehovah has spoken the word. Speak unto the people that they go forward." The church of God enlisted in every great reform and enlisted upon the side of righteousness and everlasting truth.

But again, we drum the people out of their churches in order to align them in the great unified body of the church of God.

"We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity."

The church of Jesus Christ is a unit. We meet in our separate churches for the convenience of division and labor; we are members of denominational bodies for the same reason, in order to give expression to our inherited doctrines and customs, but we are one after all, and in the last analysis it is simply the church of Christ that moves forward in the host of the Almighty.

There are two great parades every year which are worthy of our notice: Every June, the month of roses, we literally drum our children out of their Sunday School rooms to join in the parade of the Sunday School universal. We want to show the people the jewels of our homes and the jewels of our schools, and we join in this great company with banners and flags, all denominations coming together in a demonstration for Christ and his church. And then again, every October we witness the parade of what is called the Holy Name Society—a great body of men who are willing to acknowledge the holy name of Jesus and their faith in it, move to the park where they are not ashamed to bow the knee and wait for the benediction, and then arise and sing the song of the church in united chorus.

That which we see visually we see in the imagination of the heart. As the church of God moves out at the sound of the drum beat of the truth we take our places in the line of a unified host, believing in Christ and his church, believing in righteousness for the community, believing in peace for the world. We hold ourselves in readiness after we have gone out of the church to give expression to this faith which we have learned in the church.

This, then, is what the spirit of Thomas Abbey speaks to us after a lapse of 150 years; we stand here to-day as our fathers stood in the Revolutionary struggle. We would be Minute Men, we would answer the call of our Lord, and we would go out when it is necessary, as we come in to get our inspiration and our life. May we thus day by day wait upon God for that inspiration and that command. I think it is a beautiful thought. As General Washington waited for his army coming up from all New England and from all the Middle States and received them company by company and aligned them into regiments, so the great Captain of our Salvation is waiting for his host. Let him not wait in vain for the battle is on and "Onward, Christian soldiers" must be the note to which we march, and "forward be our watchword" is the inspiration of our intent and purpose. May God help us to follow the drumbeat of the great Captain of our Salvation in the advance upon the very bulwarks of the foe.

THE CAPTAIN'S DRUM

"A battered drum that bore a painted unicorn."

1775 AND 1916

By Herbert L. Bridgman.

[Leading Editorial in the Brooklyn *Standard Union* on Sunday, November 12, 1916.]

The Abbey Memorial dedication in the ancient and peaceful Connecticut town, the other day, bears a message and points a moral of far more than personal or historic import. Ancestor worship, a religion in China, has never, and for very obvious reasons, prospered in this country, and while Enfield's incident is a rare and generous exhibition of filial loyalty, it might, if that were all there were to it, be dismissed with formal record and respectful appreciation. America is yet too young, too rapidly growing and changing to pay homage to mere heredity and lineage, and, besides that, the doctrines upon which independence was based and declared disputed and affronted all which had been accepted as to the divine right of kings or the sanctity of institutions merely because they were established and rested upon descent and tradition. Rightly interpreted, the voices from the Connecticut hills, whether it is the echo of Captain Abbey's "unicorn" drum, almost a century and a half ago, calling his neighbors and fellow townsmen to arms, or the eloquent words of yesterday's speakers, are in tune with the chorus heard to-day in every corner of the land and which, day after to-morrow, will proclaim a new and greater Americanism.

Considered from this point of view the memorial performs a distinct public service, and it is to the credit of those loyal descendants to whom it is due that this personification of the true American idea was one of their principal reasons and purposes. Strangers and aliens by birth and blood, new generations which know not Joseph, are filling up the valley of the Connecticut and all the other rivers of the Atlantic slope, crowding out and to the wall the older families whose forbears made and gained American independence, and no more effective instruction and object lesson in the meaning and import of republican institutions can be given. The silent, speaking statute of a typical soldier of the Revolution tells far better than words what manner of men were those who laid the foundations on which we build and sowed the seed of which all who come to our shores may reap. Whatever it may do for the natives who pass that way, no foreigner, Pole, Hungarian, Slav or Italian, and the valley and villages count them by thousands, will look upon Captain Abbey in enduring

marble without admiration for the type of men who made this country free for him and his posterity without pride that he may share their heritage and a higher appreciation of its cost and value.

Enfield speaks to the nation, and its words are most timely, even imperative. After months of a racking and strenuous campaign the minor issues and feebler notes have mostly disappeared. The dominant chord is American, and upon the response to that hangs the future. In days and scenes like these Thomas Abbey, and men like him, have a right to be heard and heeded. They were not "too proud to fight," and there were no such specious issues as preparedness or universal military training. When the news of Lexington came, though they had no country nor history, no ideal nor definite future, they had fixed principles, sense of duty and determination to defend their natural, eternal rights, and they translated all this into instant, effective action. Times change, and we change with them, but the essential elements of human nature do not vary much with the centuries, and the spirit and the methods of '76 will be no less effective in 1916 than when they were first asserted.

These men of the Revolution who secured and bequeathed to us all we have worth having which we call country, were simple and strong, did not pose as altruists or claim to be entrusted with the uplift and salvation of the whole world and all future generations. They wrote few or no diplomatic notes, and one Declaration was enough for them. But the point is that when they declared themselves, and of right, free and independent, they backed it up by action and satisfied the world, and France in particular, that they meant what they said, and so commanded not only formal respect but active and invaluable armed support by sea and land. The time has come round again, if it is not already passed, when it will be necessary and wholesome to make the world understand that when America says anything she means it, and that marvelous development and prosperity have not smothered nor extinguished the spirit which made America possible. History surely repeats itself. We are far more wealthy, though probably far less wicked, than the doomed cities of the plain, and the patriots and soldiers of the Revolution warn us of their fate.

Another incident of the week strengthens and deepens the lesson of Enfield. No one who attended the patriotic and inter-

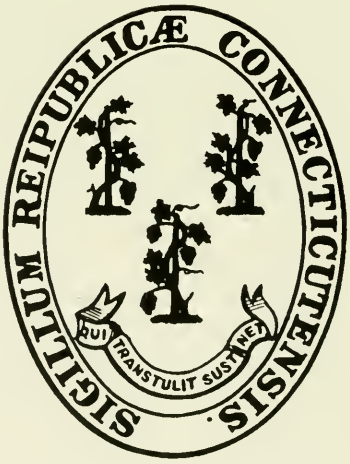
esting exercises commemorating the 150th anniversary of historic St. Paul's, on Broadway, Manhattan, in which Washington worshipped, but must have noticed the significant fact that the very old and the very young made much the larger proportion of the audience. In other words, the inherited American type of early days is fast reaching a vanishing point, if it is not already there, among the active, masterful men of affairs and of the future. Evolution has nearly completed the cycle, and a new

Americanism, vigorous and cosmopolitan, is imperative if the work of the last century and a half is to be continued and the prestige of the nation in the world maintained. If there ever was a time when the principles and methods of the men of '75 taught a lesson, uttered a command to their descendants and all who have come from the uttermost parts of the earth to share with them the blessings of the freedom which they secured, it is here and now.

A WORTHY ENFIELD ABBE.

Timothy Harlow Abbe, 1815-1904, made a collection of records pertaining to the history of the family, many of which were used in the "Abbe Genealogy" in compiling the history of the Enfield branch. He also rendered to the Town of Enfield a great service, which is thus described by his daughter, Mrs. James C. Guthrie, of Springfield, Mass.:

"In our village the only place where young men could congregate was the general store and saloon combined. My parents knew the fatal attraction of the place and to counteract its influence they fitted up one of our front rooms as a reading room and bade the boys welcome. The room was always warm, light and clean, and my father encouraged the boys to study history and current events and to learn to express themselves. He formed a lyceum and the neighbors were invited in to hear their sons debate the questions of the day. A deep thinker and a forceful speaker himself, he planted in the minds and hearts of receptive youth the pure thoughts and high ideals that were of untold value in character building. One of these young men, now a successful physician, said recently that he and his brothers and cousins, among whom are lawyers, doctors and successful business men, felt that they owed a large part of their success in life to the influence and encouragement of Harlow Abbe."



The Seal of Connecticut

[With the exception of his brother and himself these names were selected by the late Professor Cleveland Abbe to be inscribed on the Enfield Memorial.]

JOHN ABBE, 1636-1700, was an original member of the first church in Windham, Connecticut. His brother,

SAMUEL ABBE, 1646-1697, lived in Salem during the witchcraft trials. He testified to the good character of Rebecca Nourse, who was put to death. Both he and his wife testified against Sarah Good and he made a deposition against Mary Easty.

RICHARD ABBE, 1682-1737 (son of John Abbe of Windham), represented Windham in the Connecticut Legislature from 1726 to 1737.

JOSHUA ABBE, 1710-1807 (grandson of Samuel Abbe of Windham), was known as "King Abbe" on account of his extensive estates. He was the leader in a sect of Baptists called "Abbe-ites." He kept open house for religious meetings and for guests, among whom was "Mother" Ann Lee, founder of the sect of Shakers. At the age of 94 it is stated that he had 218 living descendants. His wife, Mary Ripley, was a descendant of Governor William Bradford of the Mayflower, of Lion Gardiner of Gardiner's Island, of Lieutenant William Backus, the founder of Norwich, Connecticut, and other Colonial celebrities. Their son,

SHUBAEL ABBE, 1744-1804, was graduated at Yale in 1764 and served several terms in the Connecticut Legislature. Their daughter,

RACHEL ABBE, 1738-1795, was unfortunately omitted in the inscriptions on the Enfield Memorial, but was most worthy of commemoration there. She has, however, in Woodstock, Connecticut, a lasting memorial of her patriotism. In 1766 she married Samuel McClellan, who had served as ensign and lieutenant in the French War and was wounded in battle. At the Lexington Alarm she aided in fitting out her husband and the troop of cavalry which he commanded at Bunker Hill. In honor of the rising of the nation she set out memorial trees. Four sapling elms were brought on horseback from the old Windham homestead and transplanted into the soil of Woodstock, two in front of her home and two on the slope of the adjoining common. Nurtured with care, they soon took root and flourished,

and for nearly a century and a half have told the story of Lexington and Concord. True trees of liberty, they have grown up with the nation and still stand in majestic beauty, living witnesses to the patriotism and devotion of Rachel Abbe, wife of General Samuel McClellan of the Revolution, and great-grandmother of General George B. McClellan of the Civil War.

Henry Abbey, 1842-1911, was the author of several volumes of verse. William Cullen Bryant paid tribute to his "affluent fancy" and Charles G. Leland wrote that Mr. Abbey, for his poem "Ralph," deserved "permanent prominence in the American Parnassus."

Dr. Robert Abbe, 1852, has a world-wide reputation as one of America's most eminent surgeons. His wife, Catherine Amory Bennett, was the widow of Courtlandt Palmer, founder of the Nineteenth Century Club. She founded the City History Club of New York and is its president.

Professor Cleveland Abbe, 1838-1916, died on October 28, 1916, just one week before the dedication of the Enfield Memorial, in which he took so deep an interest, and three weeks prior to the publication of the "Abbe Genealogy," on which he had labored for more than half a century. His eminence as a scientist was recognized by the degrees of doctor of laws conferred by the University of Michigan in 1888, and by the University of Glasgow, Scotland, in 1896. The Symons Memorial Gold Medal was awarded to him by the Royal Meteorological Society of England in 1912, and the Marcellus Hartley Memorial Medal by the American National Academy of Sciences in 1916 "for eminence in the application of science to the public welfare." He was also an officer of the Academy of France.

From the bust by the late Onslow Ford

Edwin Austin Abbey, 1852-1911, at 21 became the humorous illustrator of the "Editor's Drawer" in *Harper's Magazine;* later he illustrated Herrick, Goldsmith and Shakespeare, but he won greatest fame as a painter. His chief works are the "Holy Grail" series in the Boston Public Library, the murals in the State Capitol at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and the coronation of Edward VII. He was a member of the English Royal Academy. His sense of humor was acute and he originated the slang phrase, "chestnut." He always gave credit for anything that he accomplished to his grandfather, Roswell Abbey, a Philadelphia merchant of fine artistic feeling. This devotion to grandparents seems to be a characteristic Abbey trait.

AGREEMENT ENTERED INTO BY THE FIRST ECCLESIASTICAL SOCIETY OF ENFIELD TO ADMINISTER THE FUND PROVIDED FOR THE CARE AND MAINTENANCE OF THE ABBEY MEMORIAL.

Whereas, Mr. Alden Freeman, of the City of East Orange, Essex County, New Jersey, has agreed to pay to the First Ecclesiastical Society of Enfield, Connecticut, the sum of five hundred dollars, in trust, to pay the income arising therefrom for the maintenance of the Abbey Memorial, in Enfield, Conn.; and,

Whereas, The said Alden Freeman has agreed to increase said payment by one thousand dollars ($1,000), to the amount of fifteen hundred dollars ($1500), on condition that the said First Ecclesiastical Society will cause the lawn in front of the First Congregational Church in the Town of Enfield, Conn., and surrounding the memorial, to be graded and seeded and to lay a new cement walk from the entrance of the church to the roadway, as early in the spring of 1917 as conditions will permit, said grading, seeding and laying of the said walk to be done at the expense of the said First Ecclesiastical Society of Enfield.

Now, Therefore, The said First Ecclesiastical Society of Enfield, Conn., hereinafter referred to as the party of the first part, in consideration of the premises, and the said sum of fifteen hundred dollars ($1500), lawful money of the United States, to it in hand paid by Alden Freeman, of the City of East Orange, County of Essex and State of New Jersey, hereinafter referred to as the party of the second part, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, does promise and agree to grade the grounds surrounding the memorial, and known as the "Town Green," and particularly that part thereof which lies in front of the church and the old Town Hall, which is located on the opposite side of the roadway, and to cause the same to be seeded and a lawn made, and to lay a new cement walk from the entrance of the church to the macadam roadway; said work to be done at the expense of the said First Ecclesiastical Society, and out of moneys other than said sum of fifteen hundred dollars ($1500), or any part thereof, or the interest thereon.

And the said First Ecclesiastical Society further agrees, in consideration of said sum of $1500, to hold said sum of $1500 as a fund, in trust, to be known as "The Alden Freeman Fund," and to invest it according to the laws of the State of Connecti-

LISTENING TO RABBI WISE

The size of the gathering may be estimated by the fact that, besides the people in motors, in the one horse-drawn vehicle, and the large number standing, 700 were seated in chairs on the platform.

Photographed from the belfry by W. B. Abbey

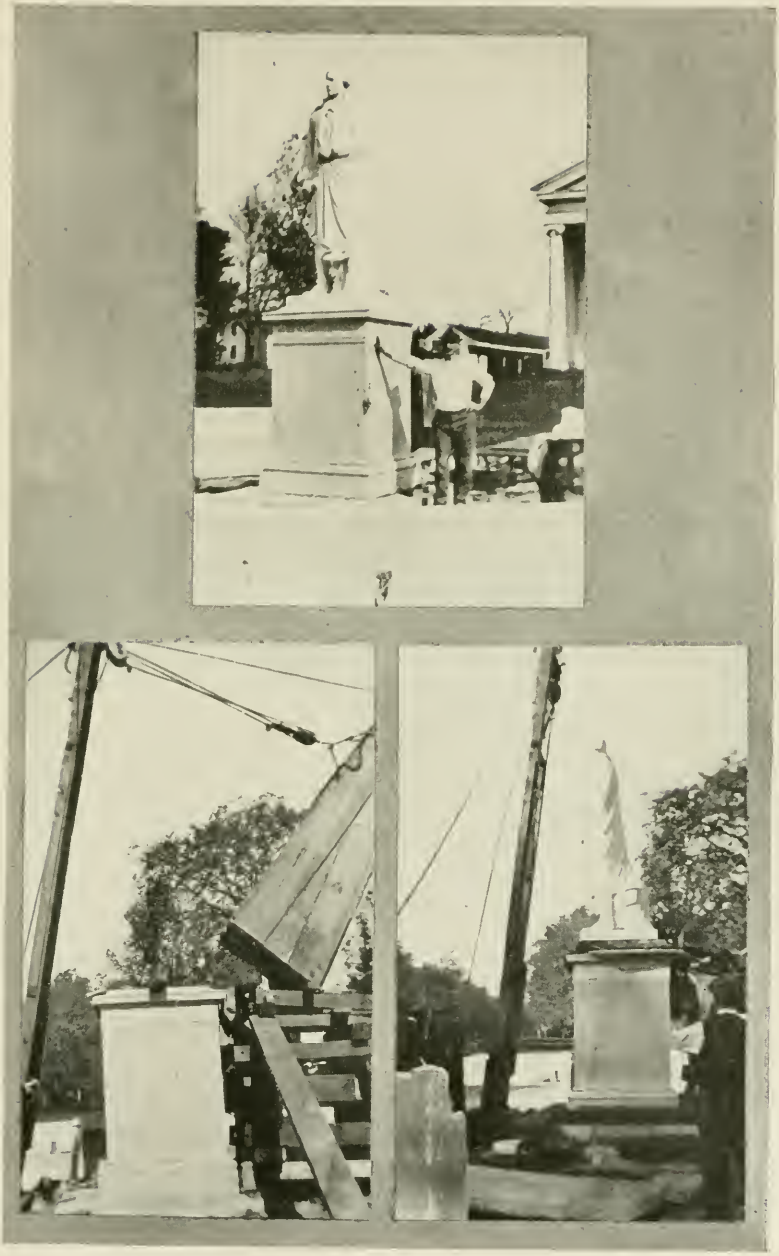
cut and regarding trust funds investments; and to use the income derived therefrom for the following purposes, and no other, viz.:

To expend one-third (1-3) of the annual income arising therefrom in the maintenance, cleaning and repairing of the Abbey Memorial, in front of said church, including the seats, paved center and the monument, as it may become, from time to time, necessary so to do; and in case, during any one year, said monument shall require no expenditure for its maintenance, repair or cleaning, then said one-third of the annual income shall be reinvested and allowed to accumulate until such time as its use is necessary for the above mentioned purposes.

To expend two-thirds (2-3) of the annual income arising therefrom, or so much thereof as shall be necessary, in the upkeep and further improvement of the grounds surrounding said memorial, and known as "The Town Green," and particularly that part thereof which lies in front of the church and the old Town Hall, which is located on the opposite side of the roadway; and in case, during any one year, it shall not be necessary to expend in the upkeep and further improvement of the grounds the said entire two-thirds of the annual income arising from said fund, then any balance of said two-thirds portion of the income remaining unexpended shall be applied to that third of the annual income and expended in the maintaining, cleaning and repairing of the memorial; or in case, during any year, that there be any such surplus from the two-thirds portion of the annual income, said balance shall be reinvested and allowed to accumulate until such time as its use is necessary in the maintenance, cleaning and repairing of the monument.

If, in any one year, the repairs on the memorial shall require more than the accumulated one-third of the annual income therein provided for that purpose, it shall be the duty of the said First Ecclesiastical Society of Enfield, and it hereby does agree, to expend all the income for that year on the memorial instead of on the grounds.

If at any time the grounds surrounding the monument or in the vicinity thereof, belonging to the Town of Enfield, and known as the "Town Green," are maintained and kept up at public expense, then and in such event all of the income arising from said trust fund of $1500 for such period as said "Town Green" is maintained and kept up at public expense, shall be



P. J. ROGERS, OF THOMPSONVILLE, CONNECTICUT, SETTING THE ABBEY MEMORIAL

LETTERING AND DETAILS
OF THE EXEDRA

reserved and applied only to the maintenance and repair of the monument.

Nothing herein contained shall be deemed, however, to bind the First Ecclesiastical Society of Enfield to expend in any one year more than the total accrued income on said trust fund of $1500, which it may have on hand; nor shall anything herein con-

tained be deemed to authorize the expenditure of any of said income arising from said trust fund for the purpose of the removing snow or ice from the walk leading from the roadway to the church, or from the seats, or any of the area contained therein.

This agreement shall be binding upon the successors and assigns of the said First Ecclesiastical Society of Enfield, Conn.

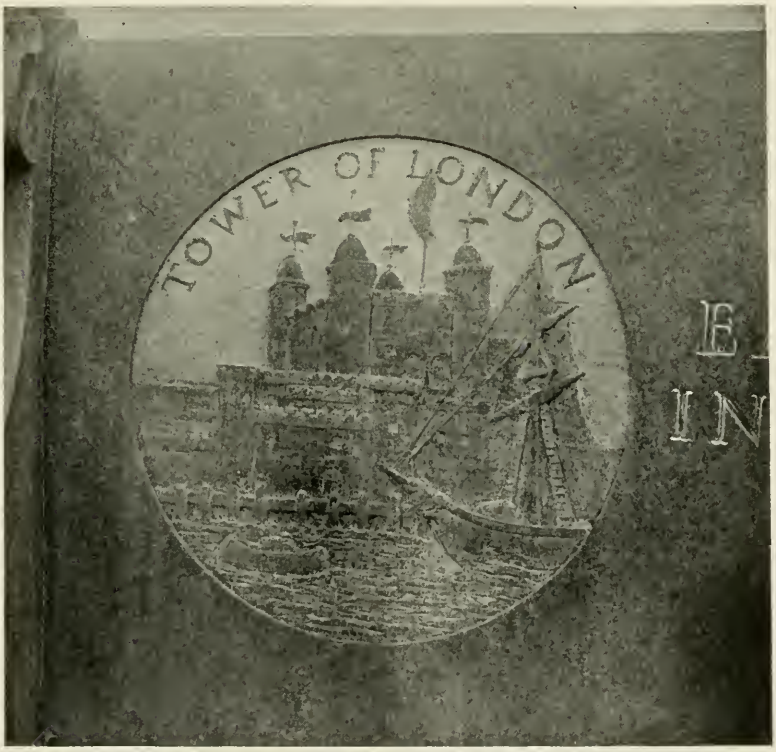
In Witness Whereof the First Ecclesiastical Society of Enfield, Connecticut, has caused these presents to be signed by its Committee, and its corporate seal to be affixed hereto, this 12th day of March, 1917.

FIRST ECCLESIASTICAL SOCIETY

BY

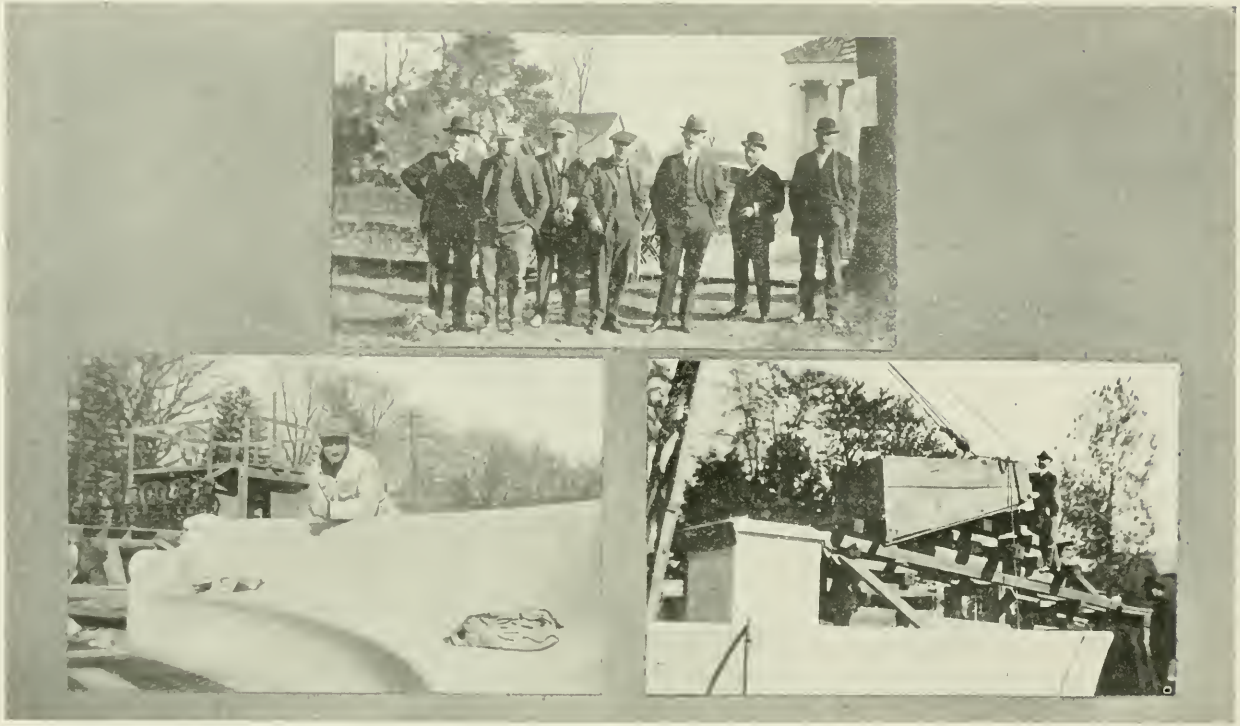
ALLEN B. HATHAWAY
J. WARREN JOHNSON
WM. H. WHITNEY, Jr.
L. P. ABBE
WARREN B. JOHNSON
FRANK J. PEASE

In the Presence of:
Jerry J. Chapin, Thomas L. Kenny, Mrs. F. J. Pease, Belle K. Hathaway.



DETAIL OF SEATBACK IN THE EXEDRA

The Tower of London typifies the autocratic rule which John Abbey turned his back on when he sailed from London on January 2, 1634.



P. J. ROGERS AND HIS STAFF

Who Erected the Abbey Memorial and Cut the Letters

THE MEN WHO CUT THE 7,178 LETTERS IN THE INSCRIPTIONS

ENFIELD TOWN HALL

THE TOWN HALL IT WAS BVILT IN 1775 BY ISAAC KIBBE
AND SVCCEEDED THE CHVRCH WHICH STOOD ON
THE GREEN ONE THIRD MILE TO THE SOVTH THERE
IVLY 8 1741 JONATHAN EDWARDS PREACHED THE FAMOVS
SERMON Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God
CAPTAIN THOMAS ADLEY

LETTERING AND DETAILS OF THE BASE OF THE PEDESTAL

ABBEY MEMORIAL IN ENGLAND.

[Cable to The New York Times.]

London, March 13, 1917.—Walter Hines Page, the American Ambassador, this afternoon delivered an address at the unveiling in St. Paul's Cathedral of a memorial tablet to the late Edwin A. Abbey. Princess Louise, the Duchess of Argyll (daughter of Queen Victoria, sister of Edward VII and herself an artist of merit), unveiled the memorial to the genius of the great American mural painter.

Ambassador Page sketched the career of the artist from the days of his training in Philadelphia to the accomplishment of his best achievements in England.

"This tablet," said the Ambassador, "is another link in the endless chain that binds all parts of the English-speaking world together and will forever hold them true to their common high ideals."

The Order of the Military Society of the War of 1812.

(See page 121)

If we mean to support the liberty and independence which have cost us so much blood and treasure to establish, we must drive far away the demon of party spirit.—*George Washington.*

Let us forget parties and think of our country. That country embraces both parties. We must endeavor therefore to save and to benefit both. This cannot be while political delusions array good men against each other.—*Gouverneur Morris.*

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great.
—*Macaulay's "Horatius."*

PRESIDENT WILSON ON LIBERTY AND PEACE.

Did you ever stop to think just what it is that America stands for? If she stands for one thing more than another it is the sovereignty of self-governing people, and her example, her assistance, her encouragement, have thrilled two continents in this western world with all those fine impulses which have built up human liberty on both sides of the water.—Pittsburg, January 28, 1916.

Why is it that men who love liberty have crowded to these shores? Why is it that we greet them as they enter the great Harbor of New York with that majestic Statue of Liberty holding up a torch, whose visionary beams are supposed to spread abroad over the waters of the world and to say to all men: "Come to America, where mankind is free and where we love all the works of righteousness and peace?"—Cleveland, January 29, 1916.

There is a great responsibility in having adopted liberty as our ideal, because we must illustrate it in what we do. Mr. Pulitzer said that there would come a day when it was perceived that the Goddess of Liberty was also the Goddess of Peace, and throughout the last two years there has come more and more into my heart the conviction that peace is going to come to the world only with liberty.

With all due and sincere respect for those who represent other forms of government than ours, perhaps I may be permitted to say that peace cannot come so long as the destinies of men are determined by small groups who make selfish choices of their own.—New York, December 2, 1916.

When the people of Central Europe accept the peace which is offered them by the Allies, not only will the allied peoples be free, as they have never been free before, but the German people, too, will find that in losing the dream of an empire over others, they have found self-government for themselves.

David Lloyd George on Lincoln's Birthday, 1917.

VIEW FROM THE PORTICO OF THE ENFIELD CHURCH

Photographed by deWitt C. Ward

ENFIELD CHURCH AND THE ABBEY MEMORIAL

The sentence in American history that I am proudest of is in the Declaration of Independence where the writers say that a decent respect for the opinion of mankind demands that they state the reasons for what they are about to do.

Woodrow Wilson, June 30, 1916.

President Wilson States the Purposes for Which the Democratic Peoples of the World Are Fighting Against the Autocratic Governments of Central Europe.

[Address to the Congress of the United States on April 2, 1917, advising the declaration of a state of war against the German government.]

To fight for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German peoples included; for the rights of nations, great and small, and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience.

The menace to that peace and freedom lies in the existence of autocratic governments, backed by organized force which is controlled wholly by their will, not by the will of the people.

A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants. Only free peoples can hold their purpose and their honor steady to a common end and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interest of their own.

The great, generous Russian people have been added, in all their native majesty and might, to the forces that are fighting for freedom in the world, for justice, and for peace. Here is a fit partner for a League of Honor.

Prussian autocracy was not and never could be our friend. Its spies were here even before the war began; and it is a fact proved in our courts of justice that intrigues to disturb the peace and dislocate the industries of the country have been carried on under the personal direction of official agents of the Imperial Government.

The world must be made safe for democracy.

These words represent the faith which inspires and sustains our people in the tremendous sacrifices they have made and are still making. They also believe that the unity and peace of mankind can only rest upon democracy.

To all these the Prussian military autocracy is an implacable foe.

—Prime Minister David Lloyd-George, April 6, 1917.

Died on the Field of Honor in France Fighting for Freedom

LIEUTENANT EDWIN AUSTIN ABBEY, 2nd,

of Philadelphia, enlisted early in the war in the Canadian Engineers. On April 19, 1917, he was reported "missing" in the fighting which followed the taking of the famous Vimy Ridge by the Canadian troops. Later it was announced that he was "killed in action." He was the son of William Burling Abbey, of Mt. Holly, New Jersey, grandson of Rev. John Kerfoot Lewis, Chaplain in the United States Army, and namesake of his uncle, Edwin Austin Abbey, the celebrated mural painter.

Head of Jefferson used on all diplomas issued by the University of Virginia, of which he was the founder.

TO THOMAS JEFFERSON,

who, in the Declaration of Independence, proclaimed the belief in democracy for which all the free peoples of the earth are fighting today.

Lincoln declared that all the political sentiments he entertained sprang from the Declaration of Independence, and now President Wilson is leading the American people in a glorious crusade to make all the peoples of the world as free as ourselves to determine their own political destinies.

Romanoff autocracy is dead in Russia.

Sic semper tyrannis.

HOHENZOLLERNI ET HAPSBVRGI DELENDI SVNT.

"The world must be made safe for democracy."

Thy spirit, Thomas Jefferson, is alive in the hearts of all free men today.

Those about to die for freedom, salute thee, mighty shade!

[Inscription attached to a wreath of laurel placed on the grave of Jefferson at Monticello, April 24th, 1917.]

DOWNFALL OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS AND RECONSTRUCTION OF EUROPE FORETOLD BY A PRUSSIAN PHILOSOPHER.

An unjust enemy is one whose publicly expressed will, whether in word or deed, betrays a maxim which, if it were taken as a universal rule, would make a state of peace among the nations impossible.

Such is the violation of public treaties, with regard to which it may be assumed that any such violation concerns all nations by threatening their freedom, and that they are thus summoned to unite against such a wrong, and to take away the power of committing it.

But this does not include the right to partition and appropriate the country so as to make a State, as it were, disappear from the earth, for this would be an injustice to the people of that State, who cannot lose their right to unite into a commonwealth and to adopt such a new constitution as by its nature would be unfavorable to the inclination for war.

[Eternal Peace, Page 159. World Peace Foundation. Immanuel Kant.]

THE WILL TO POWER

The ancient truth still runs its course.
If you adopt the rule of Force
And boldly seek your chosen goal,
You risk your own, your all—your Soul!

Goethe's Faust, 2d part, Act V.

The Declaration of Independence was really written in the blood of the patriots who fell at Lexington. To establish these principles in the new world our forefathers fought from 1775 to 1783; to establish the same principles throughout the rest of the world all free peoples are fighting today. Although we are fighting the most efficient and least scrupulous tyranny that ingenuity and persistence have ever devised, the result is not in doubt, although the struggle may be long. A vast majority of mankind are giving evidence that they prefer death and annihilation rather than to submit to the Kaiser. As a slaughterer of innocents he has out-Heroded Herod; as a concocter of massacres he has out-Neroed Nero; for callousness of mind and meanness of spirit he has outdone all the sceptered monsters of ancient and modern times. He and his ilk appear to be anti-Christ and the Beast foretold of the prophets as the quintessence of evil. The world despises this imperial vampire even more than it fears him, but if the world is to be made safe for democracy the Kaiser and his brood must be exterminated, root and branch. The blood of slaughtered millions cries from the earth which he has defaced. Incomparably more guilty than Charles I. of England or Louis XVI. of France, it is the verdict of mankind that William II. of Germany must expiate his crimes against mankind.

The remedy for the evils of democracy is more democracy. —De Tocqueville.

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WHAT AMERICA IS FIGHTING FOR.

America is not the name of so much territory. It is a living spirit, born in travail, grown in the rough school of bitter experience, a living spirit which has purpose and pride and conscience—knows why it wishes to live and to what end; knows how it comes to be respected of the world and hopes to retain that respect by living on with the light of Lincoln's love of man as its Old and New Testament. IT IS MORE PRECIOUS THAT THIS AMERICA SHOULD LIVE THAN THAT WE SHOULD LIVE.

The world of Christ—a neglected but not rejected Christ—has come face to face with the world of Mahomet, who willed to win by force.

We fight with the world for an honest world, in which nations keep their word, a world in which nations do not live by swagger or by threat, for a world in which men think of the ways in which they can conquer the common cruelties of Nature instead of inventing more horrible cruelties to inflict upon the spirit and body of man, for a world in which the ambition of the philosophy of a few shall not make miserable all mankind, for a world in which the man is held more precious than the machine, the system or the State.—Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, June 4, 1917.

[An English poet's vision of the great war and its ending—a prophecy made 75 years ago.]

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the Peoples plunging through the thunderstorm;
Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.

—Tennyson's Locksley Hall, 1842.

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